Liberty

NOVEMBER 1948

10 cents

THE REAL DEWEY, BY RUPERT HUGHES

Top Performance

calls for top condition

Take your car to your Texaco Dealer NOW for a Fall check-up ✓

✓ He will give your car a thorough inspection and service it for winter driving. He will check your tires, battery, spark plugs. He will protect your car's cooling system with new Texaco PERMANENT TYPE ANTI-FREEZE . . . one filling gives you sure protection all winter long.

✓ He will also fill your crankcase with HAVOLINE, the *modern* motor oil that CLEANS as it lubricates . . . and gives you extra gas-miles, quicker starts, more efficient power.

✓ And for that comfortable "cushiony" feeling as you drive, he will apply MARFAK —the tougher, longer-lasting chassis lubricant that fights friction and wear. It's applied by chart, never by chance.

✓ For luxurious power-to-spare, fill up with Texaco SKY CHIEF gasoline...or with FIRE-CHIEF, the economical gasoline that gives utmost power at regular prices . . . They're sold by your Texaco Dealer, *the best friend your car ever had!*

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

Texaco Products are also distributed in Canada

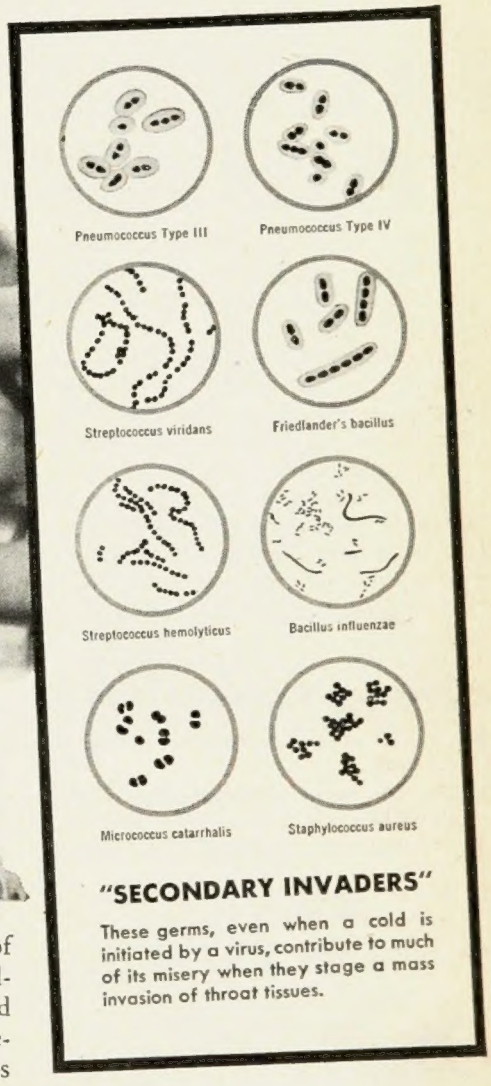
TEXACO

REG. T.M.

TUNE IN . . . TEXACO STAR THEATER every Wednesday night starring Milton Berle. See newspaper for time and station.

Catching Cold?

Get after those germs that cause so much of its misery!



"SECONDARY INVADERS"

These germs, even when a cold is initiated by a virus, contribute to much of its misery when they stage a mass invasion of throat tissues.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—*QUICK!*

Germs Reduced as Much as 96.7% Even Fifteen Minutes after Gargle—tests showed

If you can get the jump on the cold in the early stages . . . attack germs on throat surfaces before they invade the body . . . you can often "nip" a cold in the bud or lessen its severity.

That's why you ought to gargle with Listerine Antiseptic at the very first hint of a sniffle, sneeze, or a tightened throat.

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces and kills millions of germs, including the "secondary invaders." Just think, clinical tests showed that after this gargle germs were reduced as much as 96.7% fifteen minutes after, and up to 80% one hour after.

In short, Listerine Antiseptic, with quick germ-killing action, is a wonderful aid.

Remember also that in tests over a 12-year period, regular twice-a-day users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds, and generally milder ones, than non-users; also that sore throats due to colds were fewer.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri

P. S. IT'S NEW! Have you tried Listerine TOOTH PASTE, the MINTY 3-way prescription for your teeth?

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They're real in everything but size! Magnificent steam-type Locomotives that puff life-like odorless Smoke; big, powerful Diesels built to haul long strings of passengers and freights; Cars that are exact miniatures of the real ones — they're all in the great new Lionel fleet. See them at your nearest Lionel dealer's. Ask to see the Electronic Control train — only one of its kind in the world. And send NOW for the Special Offer and Catalog which shows Lionel Trains and Lionel Construction Kits in gorgeous full color. Only 25¢ for Offer!

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1. Beautiful 36-page LIONEL TRAIN Catalog in full color.
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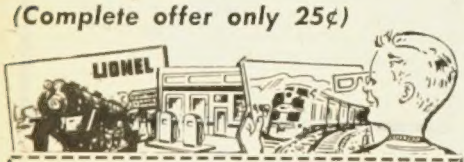
(Complete offer only 25¢)



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New York 10, N. Y.

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Liberty

FOR ALL THE FAMILY

NOVEMBER

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Cover

First Voter
Cover photo by George Hurrell

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

■ With this issue Liberty inaugurates PASTIME, a new section dedicated to the pursuit of happiness. Our founding fathers considered liberty and the pursuit of happiness as part of the same red-white-and-blue package. PASTIME will explore ways and means of making your leisure hours happier. Sports, hobbies, movies, books, games, and other recreation will all be covered. With this addition, Liberty becomes America's *most complete* magazine, offering enlightenment, entertainment, and inspiration for all the family.

■ Next month we will offer a book condensation which seems to us peculiarly befitting the Christmas season. It is Claude M. Bristol's new book, THE MAGIC OF BELIEVING. We predict you will like this fine inspirational volume which depicts so effectively the power of faith. In the same issue Nanette Kutner gives you authoritative information on straightening your children's teeth; there are two brilliant stories by first-time authors; our Home Editors elaborate on a timely theme—useful gifts that make Christmas last the year round (helping to lick H.C.L.). And there is the new PASTIME, of course, plus entertaining fiction and non-fiction with which to while away the wintry evenings.

■ December Liberty goes on sale about November 17. Hope to have you all with us again at that time.—*D. B.*

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They Believed Devotion to Medicine Made Them Immune to *LOVE*

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BRILLIANT young Dr. Robert Shannon and pretty Jean Law made a strange bargain. Since marriage to each other seemed impossible, they agreed to share only their exciting work—and bury forever the passion which burned within them. *But they soon found that scientific research is no substitute for love!*

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Please send me at once the TWO BOOKS listed above as my Membership Gift books and enroll me as a member of The Literary Guild, beginning with *Shannon's Way* as my first selection for only $2.00. Send me "Wings" every month so I can decide whether or not I want to receive the Guild selection described. My only obligation is to accept four selections, or alternates, per year at only $2.00 each (plus shipping charge), regardless of the higher price of the publishers' editions. For each four Guild books I accept, I am entitled to a Bonus Book without charge.

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Mrs.
Miss *(Please Print)*

Street and No. .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

Occupation ..... Age, if under 21 .....

Price in Canada, $2.20; 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ont.

PENNY-SAVING
Main Dish by HEINZ

MACARONI PUFF

Combine contents of tin of Heinz Cooked Macaroni with ½ cup soft bread crumbs, 2 Tbs. each chopped pimiento and green pepper, 2 beaten egg yolks, ¼ tsp. salt. Beat whites till stiff. Fold into mixture. Pour into greased casserole. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 45 min. Serves 3 to 4.

So marvelously creamy it fairly melts in your mouth, the new, thrifty, improved Heinz Cooked Macaroni is wonderful alone—perfection with leftovers. Tender elbow macaroni is drenched in a cream sauce flavored with nippy cheese. Try some!

HEINZ COOKED 57 MACARONI

Liberty VOX POP

The Voice of the People

Quakes About Quakes

OAKLAND, CALIF.—Isn't there enough tragedy and trouble in the world today without articles like yours on earthquakes? (Is a Major Earthquake Overdue? July Liberty.)

No one who went through the 1906 earthquake will appreciate your article. Not that I read it. Your title on the cover page was enough to give me the shivers—and I wouldn't buy Liberty and read it for anything.

There are enough disasters in the world without reading about one that you advertise as coming.—*Mrs. Geo. Tando.*

Mothers' Helper

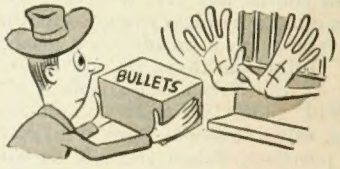
LANGHORNE, PA. — I have just read the current issue of Liberty, and I certainly do congratulate you and your staff on its modern design. It seems easier reading, and has the look of careful planning. I like the cover, too.

As a homemaker, the Home Section of the July issue is very helpful to me.

Here's wishing you continued success.—*Mrs. Elsie R. Rifkin.*

No .22s by P. O.

RUSSELLVILLE, KY.—If Cullin, Ware & Company of Oscar Schisgall's story, The Way I Killed Him (September) shipped a carton of .22 ammunition



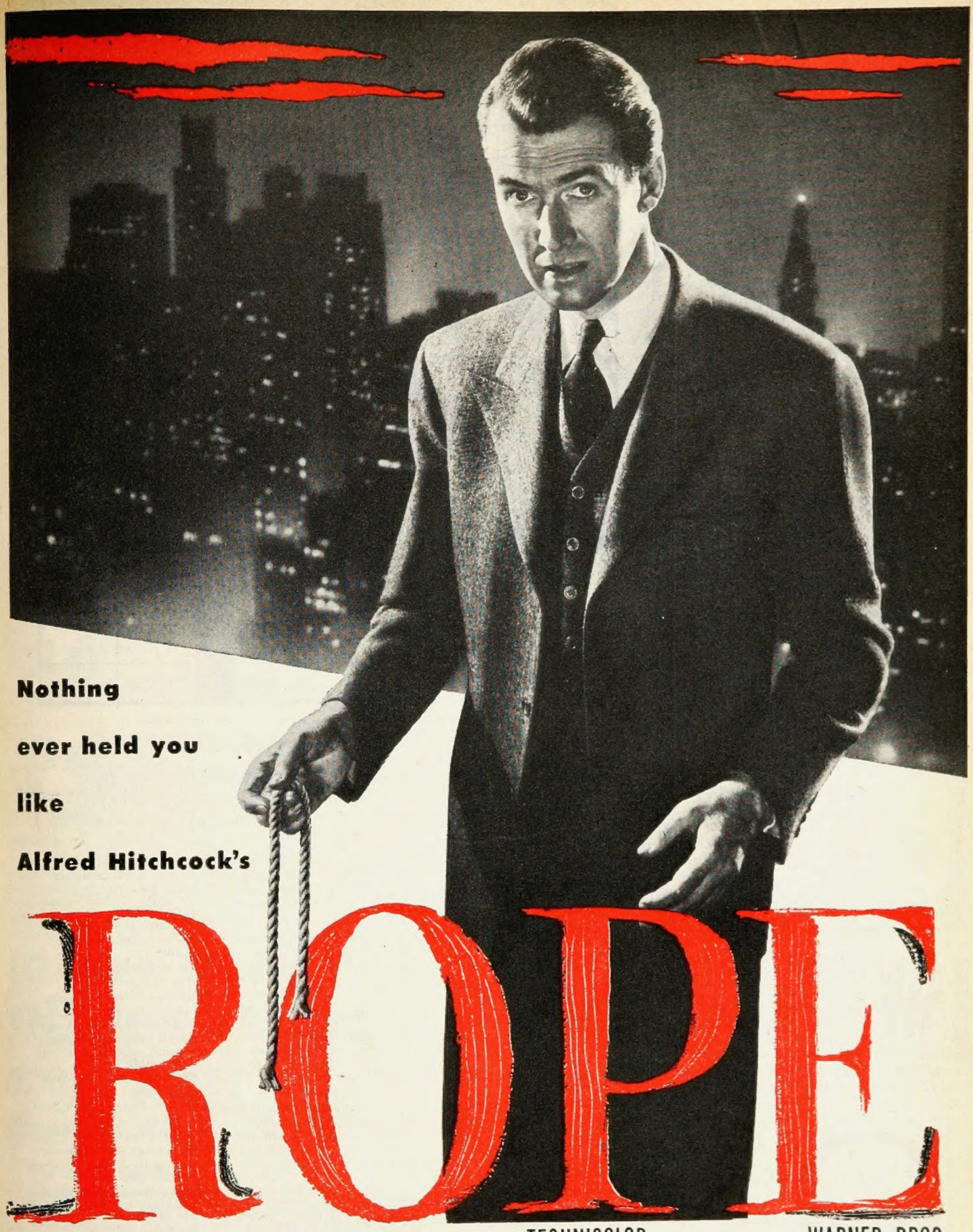
by mail, they are the dumbest mail-order house in the country.

I certainly wouldn't want the Post Office Department breathing down the back of *my* neck for breaking one of their pet rules.—*Clark Beauchamp.*

Beg Pardon

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Irving Wallace in his article There's Millions in His Madness (August) used material that was outdated. Earl "Madman" Muntz has not been associated with Kaiser-Frazer Corporation in any capacity since 1947. As a matter of record, his Kaiser-Frazer distributor franchise in the Los Angeles region terminated last October, and a similar franchise he held for metropolitan New York was terminated two months later. — *Vincent J. Gibson, Public Relations, Kaiser-Frazer Sales Corp.*

Inadvertent errors are made by the best of authors. We are glad to have this one caught and corrected.—VOX POP EDITOR.



Nothing

ever held you

like

Alfred Hitchcock's

ROPE

IN COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS.

STARRING **JAMES STEWART** WITH JOHN DALL FARLEY GRANGER SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE CONSTANCE COLLIER AND JOAN CHANDLER

Screen Play by Arthur Laurents • From the Play by Patrick Hamilton • Director of Photography, Joseph Valentine, A.S.C.

A TRANSATLANTIC PICTURES PRODUCTION

Your Shoes are Showing!

Embarrassing, isn't it?

YOU NEED SHINOLA

1 Shinola's scientific combination of oily waxes helps keep shoes flexible—and new-looking longer.

2 Shinola is easy to apply and economical to buy. For good grooming and longer wear—KEEP 'EM SHINING WITH SHINOLA. In Canada it's 2-in-1.

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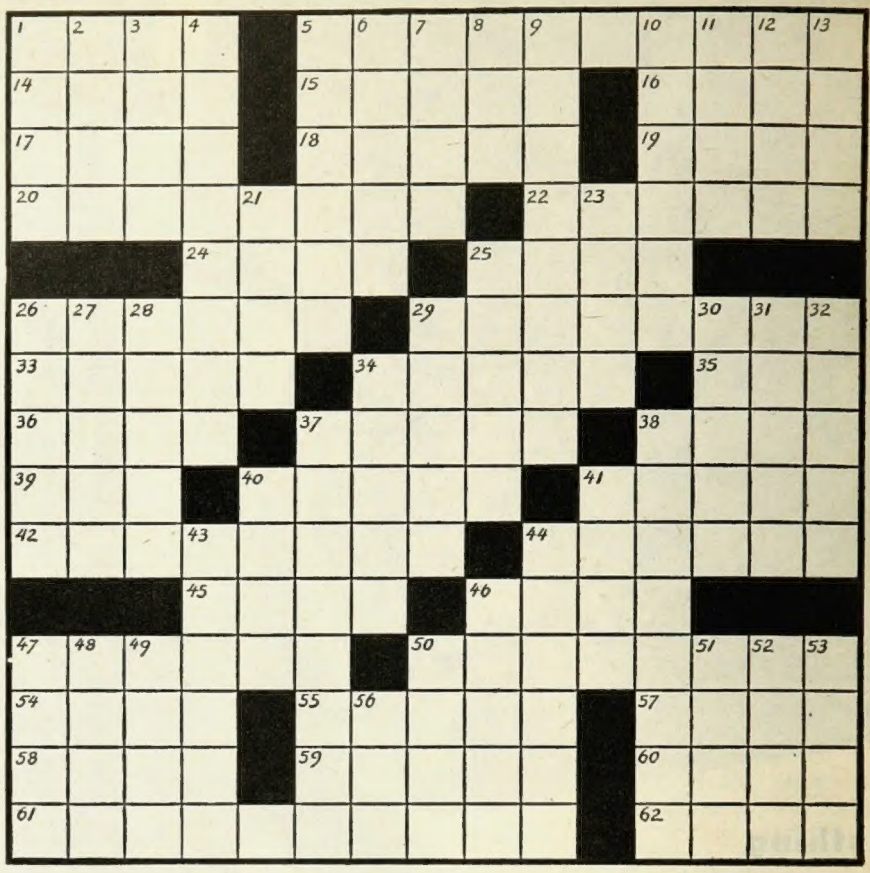
Puzzle 432 11/1/48

Liberty COCKEYED CROSSWORD

by Ted Shane



The answer to this puzzle will appear in the next issue.

HORIZONTAL

1 Vitamined product people've been making costic remarks about
5 What Jimmy Durante daren't keep his schnozzola to
14 Father superior
15 : :: :
16 Red Head's delight
17 Caesar got so much per this
18 One damn thing after another
19 Almost annoyed
20 Strapping fellow who says There's no place like hone!
22 Superman's great-great-great-great-great-great-grampaw
24 Most beautiful thing about the UCLA campus
25 Snerd of the '20s
26 Chiller-dillers
29 Western members of the Kelly family
33 Gold digger's favorite vegetable
34 She-going sailors
35 A thousand and two eyes
36 Out it
37 Cloud-skis
38 Crystal ballistic expert
39 Thingum (law)
40 Rags, bones, and hanks o' hair
41 London coppers
42 The Forgotten Men of Nov. 3, '48
44 Ze Blue Danube, Tales of ze Vienna Woods, and ozzair musical dogtrots
45 Axes
46 Place where Eisenhower has come out on top
47 Saucy little thing — fresh, too!
50 This has two wheels and flies about the ghetto
54 A Violets are blue, Roses are red, Mud is soft, So is Shane's head!
55 Rubaiyatsmen
57 Background for an old-fashioned hanging
58 Crusty member of a delightfully mushy circle (two words)
59 Football of the Orient
60 Burpout
61 I went to a female one, she perused my mind and slapped my face! (two words)
62 Old-time white slave

VERTICAL

1 Chain letters, dog-collar necklaces, crooners—but not cockeyed crosswords
2 A stiff notice
3 It's over in Chermany
4 Dewey-eyed gent, about to be evicted from his office
5 Things you hear in butcher shops; i.e., beef products
6 Dun & Bradstreeted
7 The Roman way
8 Natives Invariably Misdirect (abbr.)
9 Vital statisticses
10 Weary Willies
11 Deserves (Brooklyn)
12 Double negative
13 Jr.-sized Oxford
21 Joyous Jingleer
23 Fairly small amounts
25 They look like you and me, only they're better arranged
26 Prominent sports figure
27 Horse with a built-in saddle
28 Be on the up and up
29 Dog blankets
30 Rings around the moon
31 "She's naughty but she's ——!" cried Amber's uncle
32 When they start horsing around, it's no dam good to say neigh
34 Shrews things up for a man (fem.)
37 Boy on his way to school
38 A-1 kid
40 Aster's leg
41 Broadway of tomorrow
43 Bonga-bonga-ed, or made a belly nice sound
44 You can lead a girl here, but you can't always make her think
46 Mud soup
47 G.I. turkey
48 Cheerful man of injunuity
49 Hoss throttle
50 Pal who stole Frivolous Sal
51 As the U.N. shrinks, they increase
52 Better check this with 49 Down—looks like its mate
53 Head of the French (cf. —— à ——)
56 Super head-in-the-sand-hider

October Answer

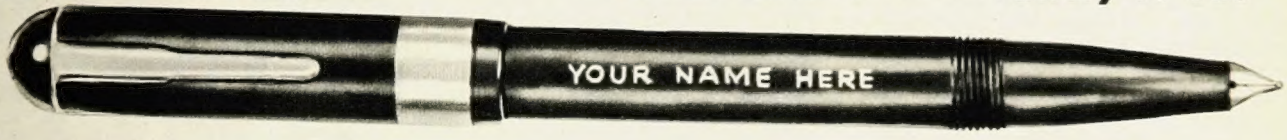
The Most Amazing Factory-To-You Introductory Offer Ever Made to Liberty Magazine Readers

Not One . . . Not Two . . . But ALL 3

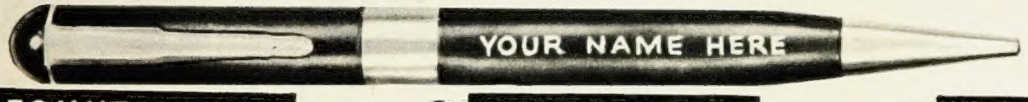
Yes, This Perfectly Matched 3 PIECE POCKET SET

New automatic machinery inventions and manufacturing methods now turn out GORGEOUS fountain pens, ball pens and mechanical pencils with mass production economies unheard of months ago! These tremendous savings passed on factory-to-you. Even when you SEE and USE, you won't believe such beauty, such expert workmanship, such instant and dependable writing service possible at this ridiculous price! Competition says we're raving mad. Decide for yourself at our risk.

WITH YOUR NAME ENGRAVED ON ALL THREE WRITING INSTRUMENTS IN GOLD LETTERS..... **$1.69** ***Factory To You***

1 

2

3 

ILLUSTRATIONS ARE ACTUAL SIZE

1 FOUNTAIN PEN

Fashionable gold plate HOODED POINT writes velvet smooth as bold or fine as you prefer . . . can't leak feed guarantees steady ink flow . . . always moist point writes instantly . . . no clogging . . . lever filler fills pens to top without pumping . . . deep pocket clip safeguards against loss.

2 BALL POINT PEN

Has identical ball point found on $15 pens . . . NO DIFFERENCE! Rolls new 1948 indelible dark blue ball pen ink dry as you write. Makes 10 carbon copies. Writes under water or high in planes. Can't leak or smudge. Ink supply will last up to 1 year depending on how much you write. Refills at any drug store. Deep pocket clip.

3 MECHANICAL PENCIL

Grips standard lead and just a twist propels, repels, expels. Shaped to match fountain pen and ball pen and feels good in your hand. Unscrews in middle for extra lead reservoir and eraser. Mechanically perfect and should last a lifetime!

10-DAY HOME TRIAL ➡

FULL YEAR'S GUARANTEE ➡

DOUBLE MONEY BACK OFFER ➡

SEND NO MONEY—MAIL COUPON ➡

Matched perfectly in polished, gleaming colorful lifetime plastic. Important, we will pay you **double your money back** if you can equal this offer anywhere in the world! More important, you use 10 days then return for full cash refund if you aren't satisfied for any reason. Most important, all three, fountain pen, ball pen, and pencil, are each individually guaranteed in writing for one year (they should last your lifetime). Full size. Beautiful. Write instantly without clogging. The greatest, most amazing value ever offered. Your name in gold letters on all three if you act now. Mail the coupon to see for yourself.

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Yes, only the latest manufacturing equipment and inventions could possibly cut production costs to bring a perfectly matched factory-to-you value like this. The matched barrels are practically unbreakable. Unheard of beauty, unheard of service, unheard of price and your name in gold letters on all three writing instruments as our special introductory gift if you mail coupon now! Send no money! On arrival deposit only $1.69 plus C.O.D. postage on the positive guarantee you can return set for any reason in 10 days and your $1.69 refunded. Could any offer be more fair? Then mail coupon today and see for yourself a new day is here in writing instrument value!

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179 North Michigan, Chicago 1, Illinois

SPECIAL OFFER COUPON

M.P.K. Company, Dept. 39-P
179 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Illinois

Okay, "miracle man," prove it! Send **PERFECTLY MATCHED FOUNTAIN PEN, BALL PEN and MECHANICAL PENCIL** with my name engraved in gold letters. Enclose year's guarantee certificate. I'll pay $1.69 plus few cents postage on guarantee I can return set after 10 day trial for cash refund. (Pay in advance and we pay postage.)

ENGRAVE THIS NAME ON ALL 3 PIECES

.....

(Print plainly . . . Avoid mistakes)

Send to (NAME).....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

LIBERTY PICKS THE PICTURES
by Elizabeth Wilson

JOHNNY BELINDA

■ In Johnny Belinda, Warner Brothers' adaptation of the Elmer Rice play, Jane Wyman takes her place as a leading contender in the next Academy Awards. She has long been known on the screen as a fast-talking, wise-cracking comedienne. But as the deaf-mute Belinda she speaks not a word. She turns in a splendid performance. Lew Ayres, in another doctor role, meets Belinda when he visits her father's poverty-stricken farm. Until then Belinda had been treated like an animal. The physician persuades her father (Charles Bickford) and her aunt (Agnes Moorehead) that she is not only a human being but a very intelligent and lovable person. The doctor teaches her sign language. When Belinda is attacked by the town bully (Steve McNally) and has a child, the townsfolk turn from her. The doctor is accused. There is tragic drama in this story set in a Nova Scotia fishing village. Producer Jerry Wald has done well by the Rice play. Johnny Belinda is undeniably one of Hollywood's better pictures.

Jane Wyman plays a deaf-mute and Lew Ayres is again a doctor.

Danny Kaye bends a keen ear to the hepsters.

Robert Cummings and pert "Doctor" Hedy Lamarr.

A SONG IS BORN: Danny Kaye, in Samuel Goldwyn's A Song Is Born, plays a highly credible "longhair" who becomes embroiled in a series of comic misadventures culminating in his falling in love with a blues singer (Virginia Mayo) while he is writing a chapter on jazz for an encyclopedia. In his search for material he encounters the assorted masteries of Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, Louis Armstrong, Charlie Barnet, Lionel Hampton, Mel Powell, and other jive greats. With the most versatile of screen comics, and a suspenseful story, it's a big evening out for the whole family.

LET'S LIVE A LITTLE: Let's Live a Little (Eagle-Lion) is a gay bit of nonsense that you should try on for laughs. It teams Hedy Lamarr and Robert Cummings. Bob plays a top account executive with an advertising firm whose job it is to snare the million-dollar Michele Bennett cosmetic account. He wines and dines Mme. Bennett (Anna Sten), but the lady wants a marriage contract in exchange for a fat ad contract. Bob, close to a breakdown, consults a noted neuropsychiatrist (Hedy Lamarr). Upshot is a meeting between doctor and beauty tycoon at a night club. It all results in some good fun. •

Liberty WASHINGTON by Stacy V. Jones

Reckless St. Nick • **The perennial Christmas-tree fire hazard threatens to invade your living room again in the coming holidays. In one recent Christmas season New York City alone had 116 such fires, causing three deaths and $100,000 damage. Although most people now have electricity, the perilous open candle is still used in rural districts.**

The U. S. Forest Service has concluded that the best way to make Christmas trees less flammable is to stand them in water.

Their advice is to get as fresh a tree as possible, and cut it off diagonally at least an inch above the original cut end. Then stand it at once in water and keep the water level above the cut surface the entire time the tree is in the house.

To get instructions and protective coating formulas, write U. S. Forest Products Laboratory, Madison, Wisconsin, for the Christmas-tree folder, known as Technical Note No. 250.

Getting a Patent • If you want to patent that gadget you invented at your cellar workbench, here's the procedure, but it's neither simple nor quick. You will need professional help, and it will take at least a year and a half.

First decide whether there is enough demand for your thingumbob to justify the time and expense involved. Will it be cheaper and more efficient than those on the market? What is the competition? What does it have to displace?

The Commissioner of Patents, Washington 25, D. C., will mail you on request a copy of General Information Concerning Patents. As it shows, the initial step is to search the 2,400,000 existing patents to see whether someone else has patented your idea already. Theoretically, you can make the search yourself, but in practice the amateur soon gets bogged down, and you might as well have it done by a patent attorney or agent. You can find one through the Patent Bar Association in some large city, or by writing the American Patent Law Association, National Press Building, Washington 4, D. C.

Even if the search shows no patent already granted for a similar gadget, you take a certain risk when you file your application, because another may be pending.

After your application is filed, you'll get a filing receipt but won't hear anything more for from one to two years, because the Patent Office is that far behind.

There is no fixed schedule of attorneys' fees either for searches or applications. The government's minimum fees are $30 for filing and $30 on issuance of a patent.

The Patent Office has several don'ts: Don't send in models unless they're requested. Don't bother about perpetual-motion machinery. And don't send in material for copyright; that should go to the Library of Congress.

Answer Man • **When you ask your Representative a difficult question, remind him that the Coordinator of Information can probably answer it for him. The Coordinator's job is a new one, created as part of the Speaker's office. The Coordinator doesn't do publicity for the House, as might be assumed from his title, but digs up information for the members. Besides heavy questions about legislation and appropriations, he has been called on to answer constituents' queries as to the number of Sunday-school children in West Virginia (314,012 in 1936), what colleges in the United States are Communist (none admits it), how to sell knit goods to the Economic Cooperation Administrator (that's a long one), the number of surviving widows of Revolutionary War veterans (none), and whether there is any official record of the birth and death of Christ (no).**

The first Coordinator was J. Frederick Richardson, who died soon after taking office. He was succeeded by his assistant, Dr. Felix E. Sklagen, as acting Coordinator.

Whose Million? • Perhaps somebody in your family owns a share in more than a million dollars that the Veterans Administration is holding. It consists of about 240,000 remittances, averaging $5 each, sent in by veterans as insurance premiums but so far not identified. These payments come in cash, unsigned checks, postal notes without indication of sender, or cashier's checks. The envelope may have a name but no address, an address but no name, or neither one. Sometimes a man puts down his old Army serial number instead of his policy number. Sometimes his mother merely writes, "This is for my son's insurance," and signs her name.

The VA thinks that with time and diligent detective work it can clear up 200,000 of the backlog, but has about given up as hopeless 37,000, mostly unsigned postal notes. If you haven't received proper credit, write to the nearest of the 13 VA branches handling insurance operations, and tell exactly how, whence, and when you sent the money. If you move, continue to remit to the old branch, or ask it to transfer the account to the one nearest you. And always use the printed remittance envelope which carries your name, address, and policy number.

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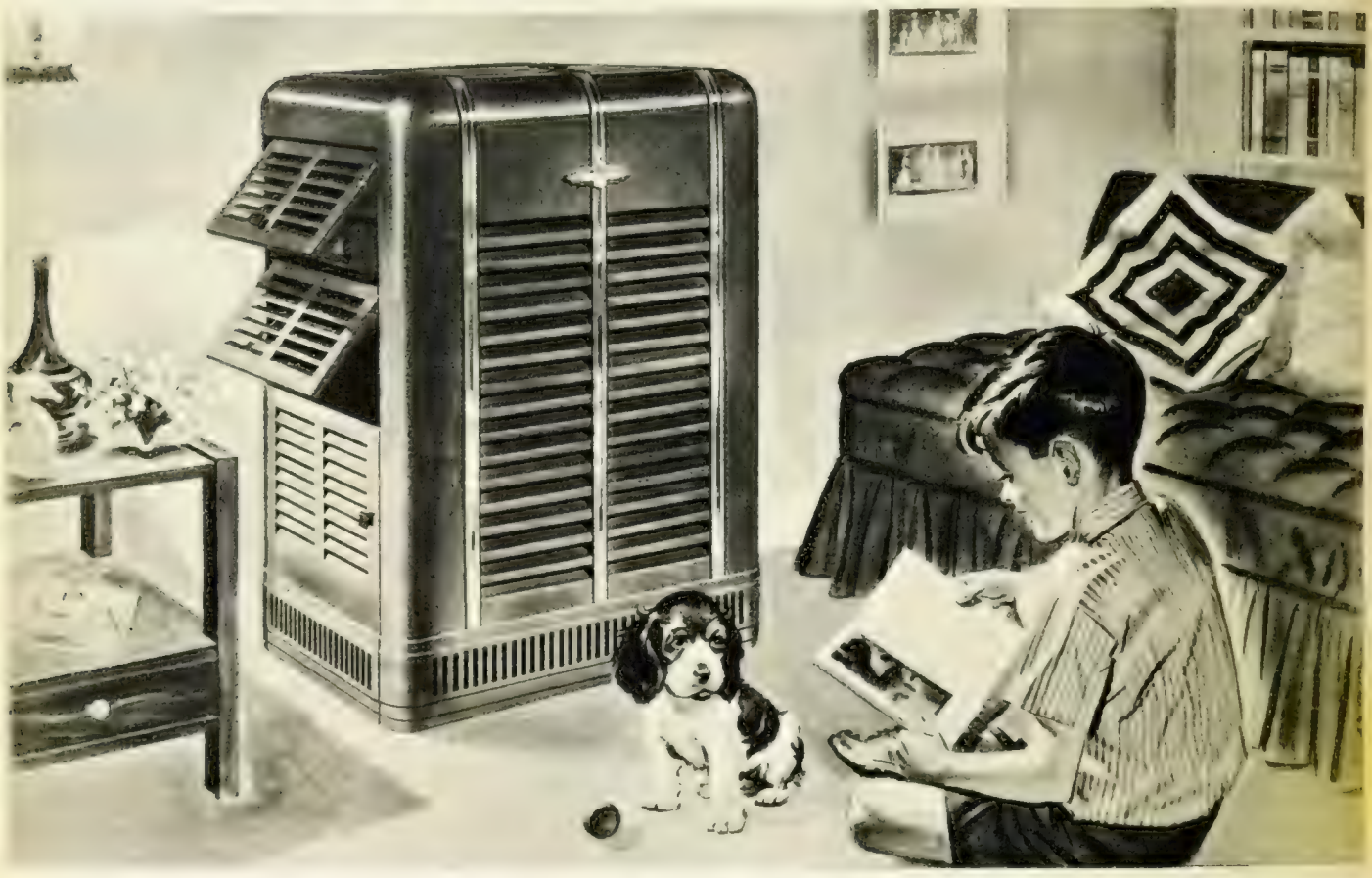

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Shirt-sleeved farmer Tom Dewey with his attractive wife.

The real Dewey

by Rupert Hughes

reading time 10 minutes

Tom Dewey has been called cold, vain, and arrogant. Read what an author who knows him well has to say about that

"He is cold, vain, and arrogant."
How often have I heard those three words hurled at Thomas E. Dewey! In a long and at times intimate association with him, I have found him the very opposite.

In his long and intensely active public life—even in a political campaign—I have never heard anyone say of him, "He is sly; he is shifty; he is lustful of the limelight; his word is worthless; his personal ambition is ruthless; he is a grafter; he does all he can to perpetuate himself in power."

Undoubtedly many people call him cold because a politician is expected to be a baby-kissing, back-slapping, or back-stabbing, first-name-calling demagogue of fawning familiarity. For those whose main ambition on earth is the collection of votes, the love for everybody with a vote may be genuine. Dewey is too honest to turn on the artificial heat.

When he was a young district attorney and people began to talk of him as a possible Governor of New York, the editor of Liberty telegraphed me at my home in Los Angeles and invited me to write a serial biography of the promising young man. I had never even seen him. I accepted the assignment with delight and came on to New York.

My first meeting with Dewey was in the old building on Center Street, which he had already cleaned out of crooked hangers-on and politicians. For three months I was with him, or delving among his records all day long and far into the night. I talked with his staff and was overwhelmed by the magnitude of his tasks and his success in them. I came to believe him as honorable and honest and devoted a citizen as I have ever met or read of. I learned to regard him also with a deep affection that I cannot feel for anyone who is cold, vain, and arrogant.

When I wrote my biography, I was not stingy in my praise. But as Dewey read the galley proofs, he was constantly saying, "That's mighty generous of you, but it's too *strong*. I don't deserve it. Please tone it down."

Brief as his public career had been at that time, he had not failed to encounter various double-crossing false friends, and I did not fail to speak of them with all the acerbity at my command. But Dewey kept saying, "Oh, that's too bitter. That's too severe. After all, he was only looking out for himself. Please tone it down."

When a man asks that you tone down your praises of him as well as your attacks on his opponents or rivals, he cannot be inordinately vain.

As for the charge of arrogance, I think that it must have arisen from the grim earnestness of his concentration and determination during days, *(Continued on page 46)*

There's more to college football than the glory and the gravy. Mallory understood that, but how could he convince Bud?

by Frank O'Rourke

reading time 24 minutes

THE FUTURE YEARS

■ Mallory had hoped deeply it would never happen to him and, because of the honest ideal behind his belief, had turned down three head-coach jobs since the war's end. The thought of going out and talking young men into attending the university primarily to play football had always struck him wrong; and since the war, with so much flagrant and unconcealed violation of decency in literally buying young men, he had been happy to remain a line coach. He could do his job as well as he knew how, teach his boys to play Englebretsen's system, and be thankful that the university had not stooped to such methods. And now he was going out on exactly that job. Worst of all, he thought, this one was smellier than twenty others rolled together.

He had argued all morning with Englebretsen, pacing the office and shaking his head bitterly. He did not blame Englebretsen. The head coach was in a nasty position, assailed from all sides by the alumni, who accepted no excuse for defeat. They were after a young man named Bud Jorgesen who was twenty years old and had just finished his army enlistment, having graduated from high school two years before with more publicity than any high-school player had ever received in the state. Jorgesen had been approached continually while in the army but, under strict orders from his father, had refused to choose his school until after discharge. Mr. Jorgesen, according to the alumni report, was a lumberman in their small upstate town, a shrewd business man who was not a college graduate and thus lacking entirely in school spirit. Mr. Jorgesen had entertained innumerable offers from other schools during the summer, and when he finally realized what his son could get for playing football, became extremely stubborn and postponed the final decision until all offers were submitted.

That made it tough for them, because Englebretsen had never gone out after individual players. In their state alumni set-up, the old grads arranged banquets during the winter and Englebretsen made countless speeches and talked with several boys after each one, always in the open, without subterfuge, about playing football at the university. The old grads followed up with their best arguments which, before the war, had been wonderful. In those days a good boy was offered his legitimate scholarship and a job paying him a livable wage. Grades were kept up in those days and a boy had to study.

Now, with the alumni reluctant to match the absolutely crazy offers from other schools, as a last resort while still deliberating the case, they begged Englebretsen to do something. Englebretsen could not go himself–it was beneath the dignity of a head coach to drive one hundred miles and, literally speaking, get down on his knees and beg an untried boy to patronize their school. So Englebretsen did the only remaining thing–he called on Mallory.

Mallory knew how much Englebretsen depended on him. They had known each other eighteen years, beginning with his own play at the university, three years in pro ball, and eleven years as line coach with time out for the war. Englebretsen trusted him and, getting down to cold fact, was banking part of their future on Mallory's success in talking to an unknown boy and a greedy father. Knowing these things, Mallory had objected, though knowing from the start that he would go.

Mallory drove into Benton and parked before the café. The sidewalks were hot under mid-August sunshine and Main Street was almost deserted. He went into the café, drank coffee and ate one tasteless cold beef sandwich, staring moodily across the counter. The waitress was a young girl, bright-eyed and pleasant, very clean in a sleeveless white dress. Mallory smiled hesitantly while paying his check, and said:

"Where does a Mr. Jorgesen live?"

The girl looked up, suddenly losing her smile, and gave him a closer look. "Another one, aren't you?"

"Another what?" Mallory asked quietly.

McCLURE

"You're after Bud," the girl said. "Where are you from, mister? South, east, or west?"

Mallory smiled faintly. "The university, miss."

She was, suddenly and completely, leaning over the counter and staring at him with new respect and some old hope regenerated in her eyes. She said, "You're not Englebretsen. I've seen his picture. You must be—yes, you're Moose Mallory, aren't you?"

■ Fourteen years, Mallory thought, and still a moose to them. He said, "Yes, miss. Where can I find the boy or his father?"

"The lumberyard," she said. "Three blocks up the street. Mr. Mallory—"

Mallory said, "Yes, miss?"

"Please," she said meekly. "Won't you make him go to the university? All summer long, ever since he came home, there's been so many of them up here. He's a good boy, Mr. Mallory, but his father—" She bit her lip and stared at the counter.

"I can't make him go anywhere, miss," Mallory said gently. "All I can do is talk with him."

"He's changed," she said sharply. "They've been offering him all sorts of things, and his father just waits for more. And now Bud's getting the wrong idea. Everybody knows the university won't match those other offers."

"You shouldn't talk that way, miss," Mallory said. "Those stories are exaggerated most of the time."

"They are not!" she said hotly. "I know. A lot of boys from here have gone to the university, and they've told me that Bud would have to study and work if he went there. And some of these other schools have offered him the craziest things! He wouldn't be earning them, and he wouldn't learn a darn thing!"

The girl turned and walked quickly toward the kitchen door. Mallory shook his head at how even waitresses knew conditions. He drove slowly up Main and parked beside the lumberyard office and went in. He saw the middle-aged man sitting in the rear, reading a paper and chewing on an old cigar.

"Mr. Jorgesen?" Mallory asked.

"That's me."

Jorgesen rose and came forward. His eyes were small and shrewd. He did not offer to shake hands.

"My name is Mallory," Mallory said. "I—"

"What's the matter?" Jorgesen said petulantly. "Englebretsen figure he's too good to drive a hundred miles?"

Mallory swallowed anger and said mildly, "Englebretsen doesn't do that, Mr. Jorgesen."

"That's a dirty shame," Jorgesen said. "I guess you don't think my boy is good, huh?"

"We know he's a good boy," Mallory said. "That's why we'd like to see him enroll in the university. We—"

"Let's simplify matters," Jorgesen said bluntly. "First off, don't give me that old stuff about state pride and going to the school just because the boy happens to live here. I know how the land lays. You can't get an All-American for peanuts now, Mallory, and make a million dollars on him. Not any more you can't. I'm not letting Bud play football for one of your seventy-five-dollar-a-month jobs and a lousy scholarship. That might sound good to a fool, but not to me. What've you got to offer?"

"Mr. Jorgesen," Mallory said evenly, "I didn't come to offer you anything. Englebretsen, myself, and the other coaches do not make offers. If a boy can make the team and keep his grades up, we have scholarships and plenty of good jobs. The way things are these days, we have more jobs than boys and they make more money."

"Just how much does your best job pay?" Jorgesen asked shrewdly.

"It depends on how much time the boy can work," Mallory said. "His time is pretty short during football, but the rest of the year he can average a hundred a month."

"You've got a lot of gall." Jorgesen laughed meanly. "A hundred dollars! Chicken feed, Mallory. What do you take me for? I've spit on offers *(Continued on page 48)*

Fathers by proxy

by Morris Markey

reading time 11 minutes

■ Sitting there in the doctor's office, they were as handsome a young couple as you will ever see. Anita was dark and slender. Jerry had brown hair and blue eyes, and his body was the product of every hard-running game a young fellow can play. They were the picture of health, and yet their faces were grave as they asked questions of the doctor and got his answers.

During the past month they had paid several visits to this office. Anita had gone first, alone, and with her usual directness she had got straight to the point:

"Jerry and I have been married three years," she said. "There has never been the slightest sign of a baby on the way. I've got to have a baby. I just don't want to live at all unless I can have a baby. There must be something wrong with me, and I want to find out if you can cure it. Do anything—medicine or surgery or—anything."

The doctor examined her most thoroughly. He found her to be perfectly normal, perfectly healthy, with no impediment at all to prevent her from conceiving a child. Then he told her to send Jerry to see him.

Jerry appeared, of course, and the doctor spent five minutes bending intently over his microscope. Then he leaned back in his chair.

"No use beating about the bush," he said. "You are sterile. You are absolutely sound, and you can do anything that any man can do—except one: You can never be the father of a child."

Jerry was shocked. "What causes a thing like that?"

"There could be several causes, of course. Bad luck in some youthful indiscretion, for one. Possibly some exposure to X-ray. There's no profit in raking over the possible causes."

"Any cure?"

The doctor shook his head. "I'm afraid not."

Jerry had carried the news to Anita—not hysterically nor dramatically. He had simply told her the truth and then told her they would have to do some serious thinking.

"I know how much you want a baby," he said. "I guess the only thing to do is adopt one."

It is one of the odd little things about human experience that people in trouble begin to hear, from all sorts of sources, of things that might soften that trouble. So it was with Jerry and Anita. They were at a dinner party when one of the guests began to talk about the artificial insemination of wives whose husbands were not fertile. He did not have many of his facts straight, but it was the idea that caught in the minds of Jerry and Anita—caught strongly enough to send them back to the doctor.

Among married couples, both here and in Europe, there is apparently a growing incidence of sterility. There are no reliable statistics, in the very nature of things, but the proportion of childless marriages seems to be growing. On the other hand, there are fairly reliable statistics to show that the male is the sterile member of the partnership at least as frequently as is the female. Until a few years ago, masculine vanity almost automatically blamed the wife if the marriage were childless. But the microscope tells quite a different story.

Until the microscope revealed that the husband's inadequacy was the cause of sterility quite as often as the wife's, adoption seemed the only alternative to the loneliness of an empty home. Taken on the whole, adoption has been a very successful substitute for the real thing. But it was inevitable that sooner or later the medical profession would undertake to perform scientifically the function which the husband himself could not perform.

Actually, the first test-tube baby was born in 1790. A London physician undertook the experiment, for reasons that would seem a little absurd to us now. There was a general belief, shared by many doctors, that conception was possible only when the female willingly accepted her mate and was highly responsive to him. The London physician was convinced that conception was wholly a mechanical process that had nothing whatever to do with the emotions. Among his acquaintance was a young woman whose husband had been so cruelly maimed in the wars that he was obviously sterile. The doctor took a specimen from the brother of this young husband, injected it into the young woman, and in due course she bore a fine son.

The birth of this first test-tube baby was duly recorded, and then it was forgotten for more than a hundred years. But with the beginning of this century, doctors began to consider possibilities of artificial insemination.

The doctor that Anita and Jerry went to see was a widely known gynecologist. He listened to their inquiries, and then he said to them:

"To begin with, I am not going to recommend artificial insemination to you. That is because I never recommend it to anybody. It is not my duty nor my proper right to do that, because the decision is one you must make for yourselves. I will tell you this: The actual processes of the operation need not embarrass either of you. There will be nothing to offend your sense of decency. In the past thirty years I have helped several hundred patients with this treatment, and, as far as my knowledge goes, all of them are happy people now."

■ He went on to say that he would want to see each of them, separately, within the next week. And when they came to his office he just sat and talked to them about many things. In his shrewd, calm way he was finding out what sort of human beings they were. He explained to me why he always did this:

"In this treatment we have an operation that is rather deceptively simple. The woman, of course, will never see the man who is to be the father of her child. She will know nothing whatever about his identity and neither will her husband.

"But we must be careful not to carry out the operation with a woman who is of the romantic type, dreamy, introspective, having a tendency to be in love with love. You see why. After her baby is born, such a woman might begin to moon about the unknown stranger who is the baby's father. She might look for little traits in the baby, and from them build up a romantic portrait of the father. She might wind up by falling in love with this stranger, whose identity she can never learn. And we would have to face a serious psychological problem.

"We must be equally sure that the husband—the husband who cannot produce a child of his own and must let some other man do it for him—is a level-headed fellow who knows exactly what the whole thing is about; who is going into it with his eyes open. A man afflicted with a jealous nature might brood and begin to hate the stranger who did what he was incapable of doing. He might even work himself up to a hatred of the child and its mother. His sense of frustration might embitter him and drive him completely out of hand.

"This operation is a splendid one, I believe, for normal intelligent, steady-going couples. But it could be disastrous for those with highly strung temperaments. That is why I find out just what sort of people they are. As a

There's much misinformation about artificial insemination. Here are the facts—*all* the facts—about so-called test-tube babies

result of these careful examinations I turn down about two out of every five couples that come to me for this particular treatment. The doctor has a very serious responsibility here."

He got to know Anita and Jerry very well indeed. And finally he agreed to impregnate her artificially.

■ So it was that Anita and Jerry sat in his office on that day of final decision. The doctor laid a paper before them and asked both of them to sign it. It was a simple, direct statement to the effect that they had come to him of their own free will; that Anita wished artificial insemination and that Jerry agreed without reservation.

"This is purely for my own protection," the doctor said. "It will never be a legal record. It will go into my private safe and will be kept under lock and key."

Then he asked Anita to "please be here one week from next Monday, at two o'clock. Then prepare to come back again two days later, on Wednesday, at the same time."

When they had left his office, he set about the selection of a donor. He had a list of the men who were suitable and who had volunteered to be of service to him in cases of this nature. Most of them were young doctors. He searched through the list for a man who would be as much like Jerry as possible, and soon he found one: thirty years old, brown hair and blue eyes. The man was within half an inch of Jerry's height and five pounds of Jerry's weight, and he had rowed on the crew of a university. He was married and the father of two children.

The method of taking the vital fluid from the male donor for the purposes of artificial insemination is utterly simple. It is extracted in a 20-second operation. This fluid may be kept under proper temperature control for days. And that is an extremely important factor in preserving the essential secrecy of the whole operation. It eliminates any chance of an embarrassing encounter between the two principals at the doctor's office.

It is the usual practice to make injections of the fluid on two alternate days at the proper time of the month for three consecutive months. Sometimes, however, it is necessary to continue the treatment for a whole year. And in some cases the woman never conceives at all. The reasons for the failure are not clearly understood. But representative gynecologists report that approximately 75 per cent of such operations are successful.

Within two months Anita found that she was pregnant. The next step that she took was in accord with the usual practice recommended by physicians. With Jerry, she visited an obstetrician whom she had not met before. When his examination confirmed the fact of her pregnancy, he naturally assumed that it was the normal result of married life. He knew nothing of preceding events. And so, when the time came for him to deliver the baby and provide the information for the issuance of a birth certificate, he recorded the fact, as a matter of course, that a child had been born to Jerry and Anita Blank. The actual fatherhood of the child already had passed into the realm of the forgotten.

■ Somewhere between 4,000 and 8,000 babies a year are born in America as a result of artificial insemination.

This figure does not come from statistical records, because, obviously, none exist. It is based upon the rough estimate of a group of gynecologists, the specialists who normally would perform the operation. Members of this same group say that "as the whole subject becomes more completely understood by *(Continued on page 58)*

Practice makes perfect, but it took more than practice to make a bugler out of

PRIVATE DODDS

A Liberty Short Short
by Henry H. Curran

reading time 7 minutes

"For Pete's sake why don't you lay off that bugle?"

"Fish horn, you mean."

"Couple of cats on a back fence."

Private Dodds suffered this barrage several times a day. Generally understood to be the worst bugler in the big training camp, he took the brickbats with the stoicism known only to those who are reared among the rocks of the coast of Massachusetts. "Wait," he would say. "You'll see." Or he would say nothing. Private Dodds was short and bony, with thin lips and a dogged stoop of the shoulders that even the army could not straighten up.

When the big breezy sergeant came along, it was different. Somehow the two opposites hit it off.

"Hadn't you better cut it out?" The sergeant was kind about it. "Try for some other detail—go to war on a typewriter at headquarters—anything. You sure weren't born to be a bugler—can't do it."

"But I can do it, sergeant. Wait and see."

"Maybe!" The sergeant would go off, laughing, with Dodds looking wistfully up at the wonder of that human tower from the whirl of New York.

The other idol of Dodds was Carroll, the dark little fellow from Virginia, as graceful as Dodds was awkward. Their friendship had ripened into an intimacy that nobody else could quite understand. To make it more queer, Carroll was the best bugler in the battalion, as good as Dodds was bad. His blowing of taps was a thing to hear, in its simple beauty, a thing to remember. It made Dodds want to do the same, and Carroll was teaching him, patiently and apparently in vain, every day.

"Say, Carroll," an afflicted soldier would ask, "can't you keep that pet so-and-so of yours off the bugle? Of all the fiddlin' buzzards in this man's army—did you hear the taps he tried to do last night? That top note? He never gits it, never once!"

"Oh, he'll do it yet," Carroll always replied, with a laugh. "Wait and see!"

"Yeah—and we'll die of it while we're waiting. Say, let him do reveille and first call. They're full of grief anyhow. But taps—that awful squawk at the top—have a heart!"

Carroll used to tell Dodds about the girl he'd met and married in New York, how she had a little flat there waiting for him to come back. He showed Dodds her picture. When he wrote to her about Dodds, telling her about the bugle teaching, she wrote back asking about the queer boy from Massachusetts. Carroll made Dodds have his picture taken, with his bugle, and sent the picture to the girl, who thought him queerer than ever.

Then the battalion went overseas, soldiers now and ready. There was recompense for their silent anxieties about the front, for there is no bugling at the front. At least they were safe from Dodds.

It was over. Veterans, lean and fit, and knowing war. The tall sergeant had received a citation, and Dodds looked up to him with more wonder than ever. Carroll was a corporal. Dodds was still Private Dodds. His comrades had a new respect for him, for he had done his work with quiet courage, never letting go; but somehow nobody higher up had seen it.

In the rainy days of January, down in the middle of France, waiting to go home, the bugling began again, with Private Dodds still trying. Fit to be tied, the battalion bore it as best they could. Carroll was still teaching him. They were inseparable buddies.

"Ah, what the hell, they're good skates," said the sergeant. "Anyhow, we're going home. There'll be an end."

The end came in February, when Corporal Carroll died of the flu. Private Dodds put away his bugle. Nobody asked why, for they knew. They were kindly with Dodds, went out of their way about it, more or less awkwardly. They could tell that the little fellow was grateful, but they found he talked even less than before. It was not a good war for Private Dodds.

So spring came, with the homegoing, the parade, the happy dispersal. The war was over. The sergeant went back to trucking. Private Dodds went to see Carroll's girl and then he went back to Massachusetts.

And yet there was something more. No war is ever over. When the long boxes began to come back from the cemeteries of the white crosses overseas a year or two later, some of us found to our dismay that there was a duty to be done, for among the thousands of them, each covered with the colors and filling the piers, there was one that bore the name of Corporal Carroll. His girl had got word to us. There would be a burial ceremony and she hoped we would be there. It would not be easy. We went, all of us who could, a dozen or more.

In the car, on the way to the cemetery, I found the sergeant, two or three others whom I remembered well, and Private Dodds with a package under his arm. He got in last.

"Hello," he said, and sat down.

"Hello, Dodds!"

"Say, it's Dodds, all the way from Bunker Hill!"

The greetings suddenly fell into silence, with an impression of alarm.

"Bring your rubbers with you?" ventured one soldier, motioning toward the package.

"No. It's my bugle."

There was more silence.

"She wrote to me," went on Dodds. "We've written some. Asked me to blow taps. I've been practicing."

There was no sound in the car.

"Say, look here, Dodds," broke in the sergeant at last, "you'd better chuck it. Good intention, I know, but tell her you're out of practice."

"Throw the bugle out of the window," suggested another.

"Cut it out," murmured another.

"You'll ruin it," added the sergeant. "I'll tell you now, if you let go one of those squawks, I'm going to handle you so you'll go to a hospital instead of Massachusetts." The sergeant looked as good as his word.

"Wait and see," said Private Dodds.

We went on, without much conversation.

At the cemetery it was a little group, not many of us, standing there in the autumn sunshine. Dodds was next to me, clasping his bugle, with the sergeant just behind us. Carroll's girl had spoken to us all gratefully. Now she was standing on the other side of the grave from us, a little thing in black, among a few friends, with two brothers, one on either side. As the clergyman went on, she took to crying quietly, but standing steady. The clergyman finished and made a little signal.

"You can do it, Dodds," I heard the sergeant say suddenly, in a whisper, from behind us. "I know you can." His voice sounded queer.

Dodds' cheeks crinkled a little, to show he had heard. Then he raised his bugle, and the first low notes came out well, as they often had. The old mounting melody of taps went on, slowly and still clear, higher, now higher, to the top note of all. In small volume, while we held our breath, the top note began softly, then gained in strength, and then, in the clearest beauty we had ever heard, held its purity as it floated up into the sunlit trees. The descending notes followed. Dodds lowered his bugle in the charmed silence that held us all, not daring to look at one another, for what seemed like minutes.

As the little assembly broke up and began to move away, we said good-by to Carroll's girl, one by one, as best we could. Dodds was last. Instead of shaking hands with him, as she had with the rest of us, she waited a moment, then very simply put her arm in his. They walked off, close together, not talking. We noticed that the brothers fell in behind.

"Well, I'll be damned," said the sergeant.

Book baron

by Peter H. Wyden

■ The little fellow with the hard-bitten cigar stump looked like a mob king gone mellow. He was joined at the bar by a man who burst out, "Buddy, I wanna buy you a drink. There ain't nobody better in the movies. I liked you best in Little Caesar."

Much to the consternation of the barfly in the small Missouri bistro and the many others who keep mistaking him for Edward G. Robinson, the diminutive cigar smoker didn't bellow back, "Listen here, youse guys . . ." Instead, he narrowed his eyelids for a grin and explained that he was Emanuel Haldeman-Julius, just a book printer at Girard, Kansas, across the state line.

He didn't add that he has sold 300,000,000 books since he came to Kansas 30 years ago, violating virtually every taboo of publishing in the process; that he maintains a list of 2,500 different titles and keeps adding to them and selling them at the rate of 10,000,000 volumes a year; and that he's a believer in democratic Socialism, owns a private swimming pool, likes champagne and can afford it because he has parlayed a $75,000 printing plant into a million-dollar literary empire, pouring forth books for everybody about everything—most of the time for a nickel each. But even the Little Blue Books couldn't fight off the high cost of everything, and their publisher recently upped the price to a dime.

Girard (population 2,500) is a tiny town with a tremendous post office. Haldeman-Julius feels possessive about the imposing edifice. If it weren't for the 1,000 daily letters he gets from customers—2,000 a day during January and February, his busiest season—and the $40,000 he spends there annually, the town would have no letter boxes at street corners and citizens would have to call for mail instead of having it delivered.

The 59-year-old wheat-belt book king, who lives in an 11-room rustic house, surveys his prosaic, prohibition-practicing environment with supreme indifference. He describes his relations with townsmen as a marriage of convenience, points out that his 60 employees and his $1,500 weekly payroll make him their biggest industry.

In his youth he worked on Socialist newspapers and stumped the state for Sunday movies. Within the last decade, having acquired a complex against traveling beyond the county line, there has been little news about the Woolworth of the book business except his copy-crammed full-page ads in newspapers and magazines. Recently, when Kansans read that a nimble-fingered band of burglars had tapped his safe to the tune of $40,500 in cash, a whole generation asked in amazement, Who is this man and what does he do?

Haldeman-Julius is probably the first publisher to realize that people like nothing better than to read about themselves, and the first publisher to do something about it. Millions who never before bought a book became his market. He found them interested in sex, self-improvement, and self-analysis, in that order. So that's what his Little Blue Books dispense in hefty, unadulterated doses. What Every Young Girl Should Know, by Margaret Sanger, is his all-time best seller. Next comes Manhood: Facts of Life, by Clement Wood. Sex outsells Shakespeare and everything else by about ten to one. And if the famous Kinsey report on the sex life of the human male is now on the national best-seller list, Haldeman-Julius thinks that he can claim some of the credit for preparing the public to read about the forbidden fruit of 30 years ago.

■ Having a baby? Haldeman-Julius will sell you How to Be a Midwife—64 professional pages for a nickel. Going to die? He'll sell you Wills: How to Make and Break Them. From the cradle to the grave his books encompass life itself.

How to Improve Your Conversation and How to Acquire Good Taste take their places alongside Good Habits and How to Form Them, and its companion work, Bad Habits and How to Break Them. No guesswork is needed to tell what these pocket-sized volumes are about. You take one glance at titles like The French Menu—How to Read and Understand It, or How to Bore Friends and Antagonize People, and you know whether you want them or not.

Some 540,000 regular readers on the Haldeman-Julius mailing list want them. It is not surprising that thousands order How to Get a Job, How to Live Long, and How to Win Prize Contests, but in a single year 17,500 persons were willing to reveal their frustrations to the extent of

Everybody's read those Little Blue Books that bear such titles as What Every Girl Should Know, and Manhood: Facts of Life. But few know Emanuel Haldeman-Julius, the amazing creator of one of the world's most successful publishing enterprises

reading time 13 minutes

ordering a gem called How to Conquer Stupidity. Give them sex in any form permitted by the postal laws and a best seller is born. How to Conduct a Love Affair ranks with Why I Am a Nudist and When Are Girls Promiscuous? A booklet called On How to Choose a Mistress may turn out to be a mildly humorous essay by Benjamin Franklin, but even old Uncle Ben hits the jackpot under such a provocative label.

The tough-looking Kansan knows most of his readers are younger people of little means. Perhaps 75 per cent are men who live in large urban centers. His high-pressure long-distance salesmanship (he sells by mail exclusively) caters to their senses, but the contents of his books are generally sound, never pornographic, and often, like the Franklin essay, a brain pill advertised in a thick, slick coat of sugar.

Nothing is too controversial for his list. The Lies and Fallacies of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, Absurdities of Christian Religion, and Self-Contradiction of the Bible live peacefully in his stock with Essence of the Bible and Sermon on the Mount. He has had no trouble with U. S. postal inspectors since they objected to Walt Whitman's poem, A Woman Waits for Me, some 25 years ago. He dropped it from the collection and H. L. Mencken wrote an indignant article about it.

■ No blurb is needed to promote How to Love and How to Know Women. But Victor Hugo's The King Enjoys Himself had to be retitled None Beneath the King Shall Enjoy This Woman before it sold its quota. Théophile Gautier's classic Fleece of Gold sold only 6,000 annually before it went to the Haldeman-Julius book hospital and came out with the more literal title, The Quest for a Blonde Mistress and a subsequent sales record of 50,000 a year. Similarly Guy de Maupassant's The Tallow Ball emerged as A French Prostitute's Sacrifice. Sales rose from 15,000 to 54,700 copies a year.

Even a popular gentleman like Casanova caused trouble. Casanova and His Loves sold a mere 8,000 volumes annually until it dawned on Haldeman-Julius that many people had never heard of the amorous character and hence failed to care a nickel's worth whom he loved or didn't love. A change of title to Casanova, History's Greatest Lover! brought quick relief.

It was inevitable that even a well-intentioned publisher letting his books sail into the world under such lively flags would lay himself open to a wide variety of charges from puritans and pundits. He counters them by pointing out that sex books make up less than 10 per cent of his list and that he also sells Shakespeare and religious skepticism as well as the Bible. He dresses up each book as fancily as he knows how and then it's on its own with a one-line blurb in ads for which he spends $175,000 a year.

Little Blue Books, he wrote in a 340-page volume called The First Hundred Million, published by Simon and Schuster in 1928 at three dollars, are a literary democracy. All are born equal. Only their titles and contents speak for or against them. They live as long as they sell 10,000 copies a year—more or less. If the hospital can't cure them, they go in the morgue.

Haldeman-Julius not only points with pride to impressive sales of classics and works directed toward self-improvement—better vocabulary, better health, etc.—but he believes his books are more intensively read than their costlier brothers. Haldeman-Julius says his books are bought because the buyer wants to read them.

Everything sells. Sometimes people order Lady Windermere's Fanny instead of just her Fan. A high-school drama coach wanted Isben's Goats instead of Ibsen's Ghosts, but he sent money for 50 copies. Admiral Byrd took a complete set along to the South Pole, and his crew liked them. Charlie Chaplin, Gloria Swanson, and Franklin P. Adams are regular customers. Some write in from far-away places.

Two years ago there was an order from Emperor Haile Selassie of Abyssinia. Communicating through the Seventh Day Adventists of Addis Ababa, the emperor wanted Little Blue Books on better English, grammar, rhetoric, a rhyming dictionary, two crossword puzzles, a joke book, and a copy of What Every Married Woman Should Know. Men, says the publisher, often want sex books about women—and vice versa.

Some readers learn their *(Continued on page 63)*

Blonde Mrs. Haldeman-Julius.

Relaxed publisher at work.

A Blue Book in the making.

The fantastic trap closes in on Cliff. First kidnaping – and now murder

reading time 29 minutes

FRAME-UP

by Samuel W. Taylor

SYNOPSIS

■ There was every reason to believe that the gang which kidnaped "Scootie" Roberts consisted of men of a bomber squadron revenging themselves on Colonel "Bloody" Roberts who, back in '44 in England, had sent eleven crews to their death.

J. P. Clifford–ex-captain of ground crew–and Lila Bowman–former Red Cross worker in London–visited a gambling den in Lovelock and he won $25,000. She was frightened and returned to their motel. At another gambling place, he was arrested for possessing some of the ransom bills.

Escaping in a police car, on the road to Reno he discovered a child in the car, obviously Scootie. At that moment he was overtaken by Lila. She seized the child and drove off.

Cliff was driven to Reno by Silvers, whose son Hiram had been a bomber casualty. Entering the Emmett delicatessen to find Lila's address, Cliff noticed that an antique ring Mrs. Emmett was wearing was similar to that worn by the hostess of the gambling house where he had won the $25,000. It also struck him that Emmett himself could have been the croupier. They had both been disguised in Pioneer Day costumes, false mustaches and beards.

Silvers disappeared, so Cliff walked to Lila's house. Finding the door of her apartment unlocked, he barged in. As Lila yelled a warning, something konked him from behind.

PART TWO

■ If you want a head, a good one, the kind that makes you wish for a screwdriver to pry off the top to let out the pressure, try getting bopped twice within a few hours.

I opened my eyes and wished I hadn't. I decided to feel at the damage, but found my hands tied behind my back. I opened my eyes again. I was on the settee beside Lila. Silvers was sitting on an up-ended foot locker, swinging one leg idly. Scootie Roberts, wrapped in the pink blanket, was peacefully asleep.

"You sure walked into it," Silvers said. "I guess you're wondering what this is all about?"

"You just wait and see, Silvers," I said. "I'll start a whispering campaign your motel has lice. I'll ruin you."

Silvers grinned. "I'm going to turn you over to the police. And I'll get the reward."

"O.K., do it. Why tell me about it?"

"Don't you want to know why?"

There was nothing I wanted more, but I knew Silvers. I said, "I couldn't care less. Get out of here."

Silvers hit me in the face. He kicked me a few times. He was breathing heavily. "I've wanted to do that for a long time."

"Why bottle it up? Do it again."

"Please, Cliff," Lila said. "Don't antagonize him." And to Silvers: "What did he ever do to you?"

"What did he do to me! That's good–what did he do to me! You don't think I know, do you, Clifford? You staying at my place twice a month, talking about Hiram as if he was your pal! You don't think I know you killed him!"

"Huh?" I asked vacantly. "*I* killed Hiram?"

"You killed my boy just as sure as if you'd put a bullet through his head. You sent him up in a bomber that wasn't fit to fly. And it didn't come back. I'm an honest man, Clifford. I never got mixed up in anything before in my born life. But justice has got to be done, Clifford. Now they'll put you in prison for life. For every day of your life, from now on until you die, you'll be paying for that. And Bloody Roberts will pay, too. He's as much to blame as you are that my boy didn't come back."

"No," Lila said. "You can't get back at Roberts through an innocent baby."

"Look who's talking!" Silvers sneered. "You cheap tramp. You saw Hiram's picture tonight, and it didn't even register. Hiram was just one of the boys to you. You've had so many you didn't even remember that he thought you were going to marry him!"

"Marry Hiram?" Lila said, incredulous. "There's some mistake, Mr. Silvers. I just knew Hy to say hello."

"I won't argue with your kind," Silvers said. "Where's the money?"

Lila said, "Under the cushion of the chair."

■ Silvers picked up the child, threw off the cushion, and as he saw the packets of money, placed neatly like paving blocks, blissful awe showed in his face. He put the currency inside the pink blanket with the sleeping child, handling each bundle with tender delicacy. "There's only twenty-four. Where's the other one?"

I said, "You'll find that on the cops at Lovelock."

Silvers patted my pockets to make sure. "Well, twenty-four thousand is better than a kick in the teeth," he said philosophically. "And with ten thousand reward on top of it. Good-by, folks."

"While you're spending it," I said, "consider this happy thought: Maybe I ordered that bomber up when I knew it couldn't get back. But remember, Silvers, that my brother Gene flew in the same airplane with Hiram. Gene didn't get back, either."

Silvers looked at me a full minute, saying nothing. "I don't believe it," he muttered.

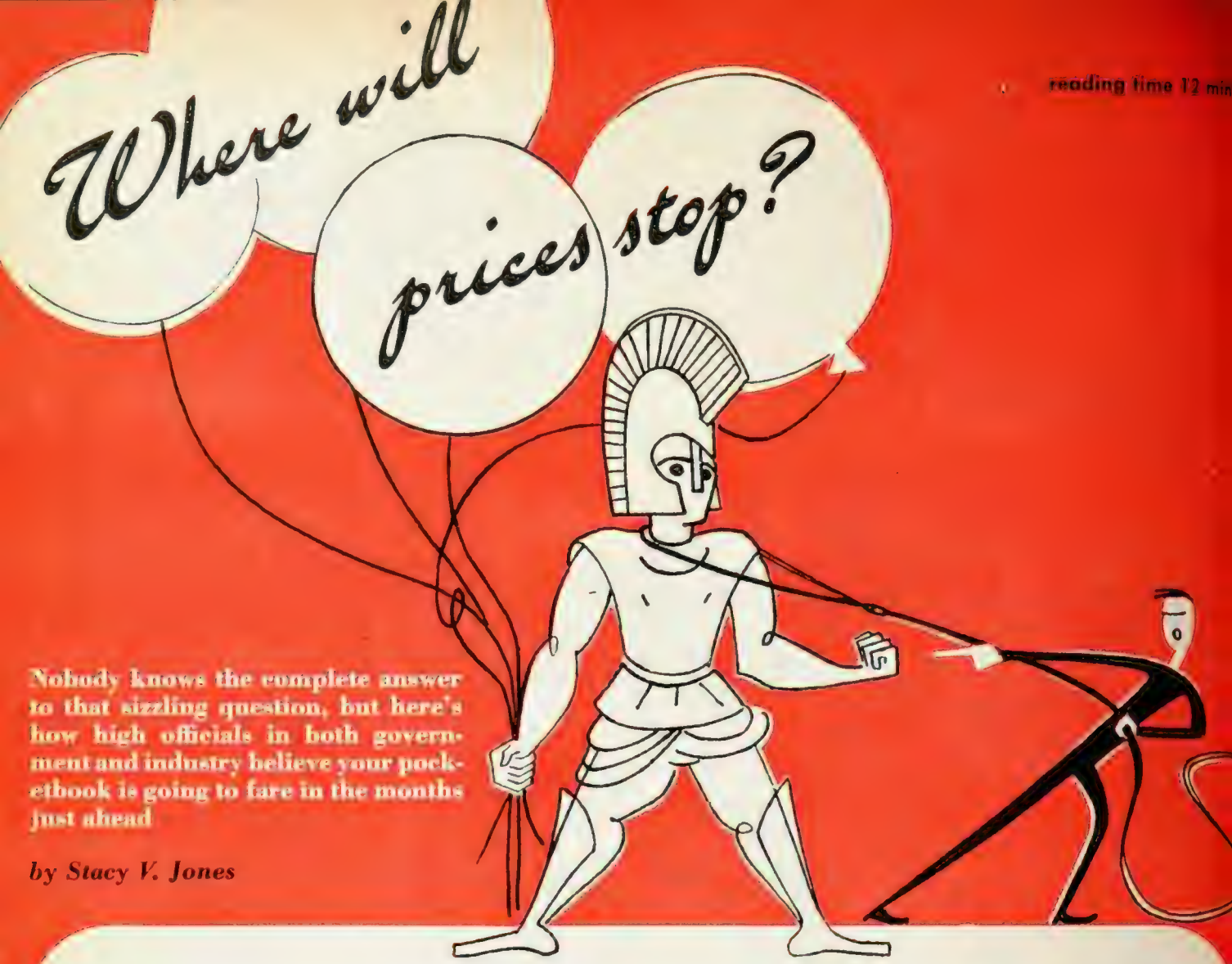
"You've got a picture of Haley's Comet and the crew. Gene is in the picture, sitting next to Hiram."

"But–the crews sometimes changed–a man sick–"

"Except it wasn't that way. You'd rather listen to whispers, if it means money."

"Wait a minute, Clifford," he said slowly. "I'm an honest man. Money means a lot to me, but I wouldn't do a thing like this for money. If you're right–why, they're using me! They're playing on what I feel for Hiram's memory! If they're that kind, *(Continued on page 53)*

Where will prices stop?



Nobody knows the complete answer to that sizzling question, but here's how high officials in both government and industry believe your pocketbook is going to fare in the months just ahead

by Stacy V. Jones

■ In the long lane of prices a turning seems to lie not far ahead. Many economists, government and private, believe there will be some relief by the year's end. On the 1949 price charts a good many lines will continue upward, but the over-all balance is likely to favor the family budget.

As every housewife knows, food prices had risen by last summer to more than twice the prewar levels, and clothing and house furnishings had climbed nearly as far. The Department of Labor's Consumers' Price Index, the standard indicator of the cost of living, reached 174 per cent of prewar (1935-39), and the records set in the 1920 inflation were shattered.

Let's look first into the market basket. In moderate-income families, food often takes a third or more of what's left after taxes. The enormous grain crops predicted for this year will lower the total on the cashier's tape at the super-market, though not immediately.

One reason for the slow effect is that we eat so much of our grain in the form of meat. Although a slight seasonal price decline in November and December may give the customer a little change out of a dollar for a pound of steak, meat prices are anchored pretty high by the current shortage of animals. Production this year will be about ten pounds less of meat per person than in 1947. Last year's poor corn crop cut our pork supplies for this year, but there should be a bigger hog population by next summer and fall. The cattle population, on the other hand, probably won't have an effective increase until the spring of 1950. No real decline in meat prices can be expected before next summer.

Turkeys will be scarce for the coming holidays, with prices perhaps ten per cent higher than last year's. Next spring's egg prices can hardly be better than last spring's. Until there are more cows, butter and milk must remain comparatively short.

Wheat and oats dropped during the summer to the "support price level" at which the government steps in with loans or purchases, and if this turns out to be as good a crop year as expected, corn and other grains probably will do likewise. But the grain is only one factor in the cost of bread, breakfast flakes, and other processed foods, so the table-side saving may be small.

The housewife has drawn a little comfort this year from the relatively low prices for fresh fruits generally, and for some vegetables. Agricultural experts expect them to continue low.

If food prices do start down, they can go a considerable distance, for most farm products have been selling substantially above the government support prices.

Now for shelter, which ranks just after food as a basic need: Rents are controlled through next March, and if the lid is taken off then, they undoubtedly will shoot up. Government observers do not expect the cost of new houses to decline next year in the absence of a general price collapse, but rather to increase somewhat. Neither labor nor materials have shown any oversupply likely to be reflected in lower costs.

In clothing—man's third need—the prospect is mixed. In general, supplies are ample. The high cost of wool indicates no possibility of next spring's prices for men's suits being any lower than today's. The chief demand is for worsteds; woolens may offer better buys. The high production of cotton goods and the rosy crop forecasts on that commodity give some assurances that women won't have to pay more than today's prices for dresses and other cotton garments through next spring and may get them for less. Rayon and nylon are in good supply, and their prices are likely to change little by spring.

Shoes illustrate one postwar buying habit—what the economists call "down-grading." That is, a shopper will

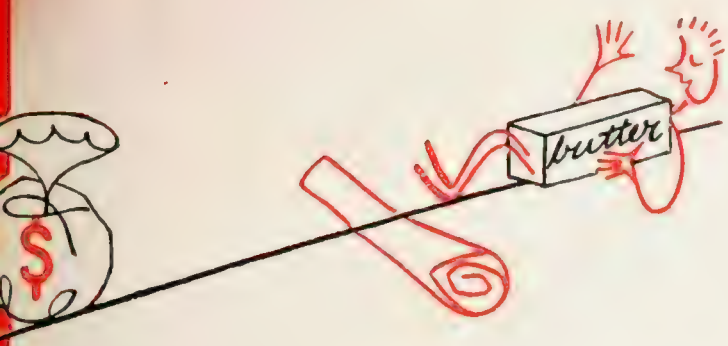
go to a chain store or bargain basement when his favorite brand looks too expensive. The man who used to wear nothing but top grade will take medium, and the former buyer of medium won't spurn something lower. When rationing was ended, people bought a lot of shoes, but since late 1947 average purchases have been dropping gradually. People are using up their "closet inventories" again and patronizing the repair shops. The trend should become clearer after the National Shoe Fair in Chicago this fall, but we probably have seen the peak in shoe prices, and a slow down trend is likely.

People also have been down-grading in furniture, and prices for the higher qualities may continue to slacken. Towels, sheets, curtains, blankets, and rugs aren't likely to change much. The production of home appliances such as vacuum cleaners and washing machines has been catching up with demand, and after the increases in steel and labor costs have been translated into price marks, the market is likely to be pretty stable. Radios may have had their price peaks, but price changes in the new field of television are uncertain.

Home heating and lighting charges will probably edge upward, if they change at all. Any higher wages and pensions gained by the coal miners next spring will be noticed almost immediately at the cellar bin.

In the big category of living costs that the statisticians classify under "miscellaneous," transportation is no mean item. Automobile prices and operating costs may be expected to rise somewhat, and the wave of increases in bus, streetcar, and commuters' fares is probably not yet over. Medical care, movies, baby sitters, haircuts, and the hundred minor demands on the family purse may, in the aggregate, remain fairly stable.

Individually, economists don't like to prophesy about the cost of living, but collectively they don't mind. An enterprising syndicated columnist, J. A. Livingston, financial editor of the Philadelphia Bulletin, got opinions in June from 33 economists prominent in government and out. Although their forecasts varied widely, there



was a good deal of unanimity by groups. Those in government didn't see much change in the consumers' index through 1949. The labor economists took the dismal view that the cost of living would go up and stay up, to the disadvantage of their fellow unionists. The business and investment men took what was for them an equally pessimistic view—that prices would start down this year and continue the trend in 1949, ending between 153 and 159 on the Labor Department's index. The consensus of all 33 was that the index would decline slightly by the end of 1948, and drift down to about 162 a year later.

Economic prophecy is dangerous even in stable times, and these are anything but stable. All bets will be off in the event of war or a sharp recession. Unknown elements in the inflation are the size of next year's defense and European aid expenditures. Marriner S. Eccles of the Federal Reserve Board told a Senate committee that a "bust" was inevitable, but that he didn't know when it would come or how far the deflation would go. The President's Council of Economic Advisers ended its latest report on a note of apprehension about the inflation and its outcome.

Rising prices are most painful for those who can't get wage and salary increases—pensioners, retired people, G.I.s living on education allowances, and those on relief. They are remarkably pleasant, however, for the large majority, those who produce and sell.

When there are more dollars than goods, we have inflation. Thus a natural question is why don't the producers turn out more goods? Then, with the shelves full, prices would drop. The answer is that our factories are humming at top speed and our farmers are growing all the food they can. Production is bumping against the ceiling of capacity. Gradually this ceiling will be raised, with new methods, new factories, and better land use, until things get into a sort of balance. Meanwhile every expansion of credit, every important wage increase, and every big government spending program help to tip the price scale further upward.

Even before the cost of living became a major campaign issue, most of us were looking for someone to blame. Senator Robert A. Taft's Joint Committee on the Economic Report, whose job it is to analyze for Congress the economic proposals of the President, sent out subcommittees to see what the country thought. Citizens' and consumers' organizations criticized the dropping of price controls and rationing, and many wanted them back. Monopolies and trusts were generally accused, and there were demands for new excess-profits taxes. Other witnesses wanted to cut the farm price supports. Union representatives were unanimous in denying that wage increases were to blame, but were not so unanimous as to what should be done.

A western subcommittee, in a detailed report, rejected several easy explanations. Food processors and retail distributors had high earnings, it found, but this was because of the large volume of business and not because of extortionate profits percentage-wise. As far as monopoly went, it noted that the greatest price increases had taken place in the fields where competition was freest.

The simple truth is that everybody wants a lot of things and that most people today can pay for them. There isn't enough to go around, and the bidding in the market place pushes prices up. This inflation can't be stopped by merely passing a law—short, that is, of setting up a totalitarian state. But what Congress does and doesn't do has very important effects.

At the special summer session the Republican Congress had presented Mr. Truman with an inflation-control act considerably less drastic than he had asked, and a housing act which was mildly inflationary—because it expanded credit—but not nearly so inflationary as the bill he had demanded. The inflation control act gave the Federal Reserve Board power to restore control over installment buying, *(Continued on page 52)*

■ John Brent was in his middle thirties. He was just tall enough not to look short next to Nancy, his tall, lovely, blonde wife. He had a slow, seldom-displayed smile which, when it appeared, seemed to give his face a rare balance. His eyes were gray and were topped by heavy, thick, black brows. His hair was black and now was streaked with gray.

In civilian life he had been a troubleshooter for one of the national airlines. He had a clear, incisive mind and his reports were short and almost rude in their bluntness. Three months after Pearl Harbor he was given a captain's commission. He was used very briefly in the Second Air Force, in the United States, as an intelligence officer and then at Wright Field he was put to use estimating the qualities of enemy air equipment brought to the field for study.

He found himself a one-man opponent of a certain type of airplane engine. Almost everyone agreed that the engine was imperfect and that there were better ones available, but for reasons of Policy it was continued in manufacture. Brent, now Major, was cautioned that his acidulous reports would cause certain unmentioned higher-ups to become very displeased. The head of his department sought to persuade Brent to modify the report. Brent refused. A month later he was ordered overseas.

On the lopsided sand-swept patches of earth that went by the name of airstrips in North Africa he resumed his work. From North Africa he went on up to Italy, and there, was promoted to lieutenant colonel. There too he found that Policy required that certain compromises had to be made, certain deals put into operation, and presently orders came through returning him to the States. He was given a very decent medal, a glowing statement to go with it, and then was booted out of the theater, into a job in Assessment and Evaluation, one of the innumerable Washington bureaus. Its particular responsibility, among others, was the inspection of air bases throughout the

AL BRULE

A *Liberty* BOOK CONDENSATION

reading time 23 minutes

EVERYBODY SLEPT HERE

by Elliott Arnold

A best-selling novel of two wives adrift in the emotional storm of wartime Washington

Copyright, 1948, by Elliott Arnold. Published by Duell, Sloan and Pearce, New York. Price $3

country and the determination of their continuance, both for the duration and afterward.

■ When Brent entered his office for the first time he found written on the daily diary pad on his desk, next to eleven o'clock, a penciled notation informing him he was due for a conference in the general's office. There was no mention of the general's name, but he discovered it was Major General Everett Hardesty.

The conference lasted less than fifteen minutes. General Hardesty was a small, wiry man with a thin, sharp-featured face. His eyes were hard and alert. Brent could see them dart from face to face. He questioned one or two officers who apparently had returned from some expedition somewhere. After that he called out Brent's name and Brent rose and was introduced to the others.

Then Hardesty said briskly, "That's all, gentlemen. I'm certain if Colonel Brent needs any assistance you will all be glad to help him. Brent, stay on, please."

The officers shuffled out of the room. The general extended his hand. "Glad to have you with us, Brent."

"Thank you, sir." Hardesty's small hand with its slender fingers was hard as steel.

"Know a little about you. Have a little idea why they bounced you from Italy. Suppose you tell me."

When Brent had finished, Hardesty rose and began to pace up and down the room. "Trouble with you, Brent, is that you're not a soldier. You're a civilian in uniform. But you did try to do what you thought was your job over there. That's good enough for me. I don't think you did the right job and if I were your boss I'd have booted you out, too. That's war, Brent. No room and no time for personal crusades. No people. Just guns. And the guns got to be pointed right, not only for now, but for later on, too.

"Come here," he went on, walking to a large map of the United States which covered one entire wall. It was sprinkled with pins of different *(Continued on page 59)*

King of the singing cowboys

by Florabel Muir

reading time 5 minutes

Republic Pictures' Pop Yates gave Westerns a new look. Hollywood has never filmed a more fabulous success story

On a Hollywood school lot one Sunday morning not long ago, an energetic man, who looked to be in his forties, was executing a snappy football maneuver with a fast-stepping group of teen-age boys. This writer, who had joined some other onlookers, did a double-take when the energetic sand-lot grid warrior came out of a huddle and prepared to receive the ball from a young passer. For the man was Herbert J. (Pop) Yates, multimillionaire founder of Republic Pictures Corporation and top boss of several other important enterprises.

That same youthful energy that enables Pop Yates at 68 to hold his own with a bunch of husky youths on a football field has helped mightily with sparking Republic Pictures into the lusty money-maker that it is today.

To millions of moviegoers all over the land Republic means Westerns, and Yates, who has supersensitive fingers for the public pulse, gives them the sort of Westerns they like. The celluloid exploits of Roy Rogers, Wild Bill Elliott, Allan Lane, Monty Hale, and a host of other Republic cowboy stars keep the box-office tills jingling.

It was Yates who pioneered the formula for the singing cowboy type of Western that packs 'em in these days. He had found that while the small fry still went for the time-honored rootin', tootin' horse opera, adults had become soured on the cops-and-robbers-on-horseback type of Western. So he had Republic's production staff put guitars in the hands of his movie cowhands and range songs in their mouths. This union of musical Americana with the traditional Western delights young and old and the end result pleases Mr. Yates and his company no end.

Republic, born in 1935 out of a merger of several small companies, did a $29,000,000 business last year. It gives the majors some pretty stiff competition, particularly in one increasingly important angle of movie-making today —color.

Republic's color process, which Yates is pushing, is called Trucolor and it has an excellent chance of revolutionizing color film. In the Trucolor process the emulsion, in which the films are developed, contains the coloring matter. Thus it eliminates the need for special expensive cameras and places color solidly in line for production on a mass basis. The process is still not fully perfected. Because of this, Yates insists that other studios using it have their films developed in Republic's laboratories.

Trucolor is being used with great success in the making of Republic's Westerns. It also did a great deal for that fabulous little movie, Bill and Coo, in which all the leading parts are taken by lovebirds.

It was Fatty Arbuckle, the most famous movie funnyman of his day, who first interested Yates in moving pictures. They met at the Hotel Astor in New York and during the conversation Fatty told of a project to make 12 one-reel comedies. That is if he could raise the capital. Yates promptly lent him $100,000 at 6 per cent plus 25 per cent of the profits. In three years this deal turned in a profit for Yates of $200,000 and he was off to a good start in film production.

Then in 1925 he merged a number of independent film laboratories into a firm he called Consolidated Film Industries. It wasn't long before he was providing capital for small independent producers and parlaying his profits. His largest deal during that period was a $2,000,000 cash loan to Universal Pictures.

In addition to his interest in Republic, Yates owns a substantial piece of Grumman Aircraft; owns a huge plastic buttons manufacturing company; also Consolidated Film Industries which, with the Du Pont Company, is the largest manufacturer and processor of raw film. He also has dabbled in real estate, using the name Setay, which is Yates spelled backward.

Yates was born on August 24, 1880, in what was then the Erie Basin district of Brooklyn. His father, Charles Henry Yates, was born in England, sold Bibles and religious tracts. It wasn't a very *(Continued on page 65)*

Herbert J. Yates has an eye for talent. Here he chats with some dancers on the Republic lot.

Hang Your Dining Roo on the Wall

■ Not really, but here's Liberty's three-in-one idea young budgets: Lacquer your card table; use it to se two or more. Hang a second table flat on the wall, a canvas for your own brushwork or background fo colorful print. Repeat the design on the wall area hid by the second table. When an extra table's needed, the table down. Your wall is still decorative, and y dining space expandable, inexpensive, and comfortal

■ *Whatever your family's interests or hobbies, you can make even a small dining room versatile enough to accommodate them and three meals a day besides. Increase your living*

MAPLE FOR DINING

Maple extension dining table, $59.50,
Drop-leaf end table, $29.50,
Chairs, $15 each,
Server, $79.50, Heywood-Wakefield.
Inlaid linoleum, $3.50 a square yard, installed; Sloane-Blabon.
Provincial wallpaper (left), $3.60 a single roll.
Plaid wallpaper (below), $1.15 a single roll; Thibaut.
Weavecraft cotton tablecloth, 54 by 54, $2.40; Simtex.

Maple, clean-lined and scaled to fit, is a smart choice for the small dining room. This table expands at mealtime; so does the drop-leaf end table, conveniently near by for extra dishes but demanding little space between meals.

...AND FOR STUDY

See how easily many different functions fit into one dining room. Throw out seldom-used china and glassware from your cabinets and shelves. You'll uncover valuable room to keep toys, books, or sewing right at hand for frequent all-hours use of your space and furniture. And don't forget to include good lighting for the children's study and other close work.

space by centering extra activities here. Liberty suggests sewing or study; you may prefer to have an extra reading corner or a rainy-day playroom. If you shop for new furnishings, look for pieces with flexible functions, to serve you in several ways. Keep the furniture small and ban what's useless, and the family can enjoy the dining room round the clock.

MODERN FOR MEALS

Dinette table, $34.75,
Chairs, $14.75 each,
Buffet, $69.75,
China cabinet top, $34.75,
Bookcases, 24-inch, $29.50, 32-inch, $34.50, Dearborn.
Inlaid linoleum, $3.50 a square yard, installed; Sloane-Blabon.
Plaid wallpaper (left), $1.15 a single roll.
Provincial wallpaper (below), $3.60 a single roll; Thibaut.
Cotton plaid tablecloth, 54 by 54, $2.49; Startex.
"Featherweight" portable electric sewing machine, $135; Singer.

If you're modern-minded but short on space you'll like this smoothly finished functional furniture. The table extends to seat eight if needed; otherwise it shrinks to a compact square. Washable plastic covers the chairs.

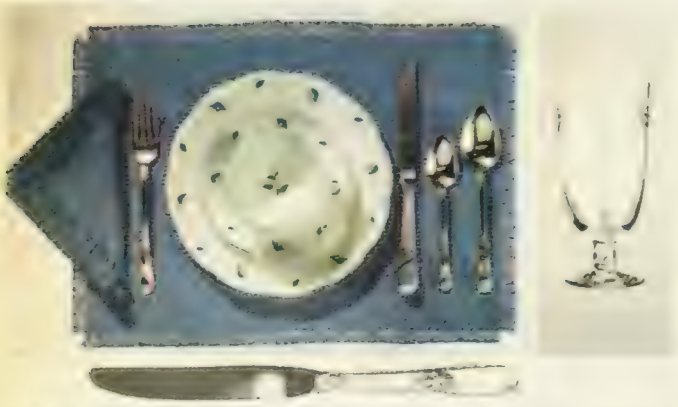
...AND FOR SEWING

The china cabinet is really two separate pieces, so you can substitute an open case for ours (with sliding glass doors) or use the buffet alone. Flanked by two bookcases, it offers room to stow away sewing materials if you decide that the dining room is an ideal spot for dressmaking or mending. Your portable electric sewing machine fits neatly in its own case.

All prices are approximate.

Colors Spice These Modern Table Settings

Liberty arranged these place settings to show you the variety in color, pattern, and price now available in china or pottery, glass, mats, and flatware



"Adoration," silverplate, 5-piece place setting* (knife, fork, soup spoon, 2 teaspoons), $5.68; 1847 Rogers Bros. "Birchmere," dinner plate, $2.15; cup and saucer, $2.70; Haviland (American). "Holly" goblet; Fostoria. "Mix'm or Match'm" cotton mat, 59 cents; napkin, 39 cents; Paragon.

"Sta-Brite" stainless steel flatware, plastic handles, 5-piece place setting, $1.29; Ekco. "Malay Bambu," dinner plate, $2; cup and saucer, $2; Weil. "Hobnail" goblet; Westmoreland. "Mix'm or Match'm" cotton mat, 59 cents; napkin, 39 cents; Paragon.

"Fantasy," silverplate (per dozen), teaspoons, $4; soup spoons, $8; knives, $18; forks, $8; Oneida Tudor Plate. "Parsley," dinner plate, 60 cents; cup and saucer, 65 cents; Salem. "Monogram" goblet; Ean Newton. "Mix'm or Match'm" linen mat, 75 cents; napkin, 89 cents; Paragon.

"Exquisite," silverplate, 5-piece place setting, $3.37; William Rogers & Son. "El Patio," dinner plate, $1.10; cup and saucer, 90 cents; Franciscan. "New Era" footed tumbler; Heisey. "Mix'm or Match'm" cotton mat, 59 cents; napkin, 39 cents; Paragon.

'Gardenia," silverplate, 5-piece place setting, $3.37; William Rogers & Son. "El Patio," dinner plate, $1.10; cup and saucer, 90 cents; Franciscan. "Formality" goblet; Fostoria. Linen mat and napkin, sold as 9-piece set (4 mats, 4 napkins, and runner), $7.50; John Matouk.

"Youth," sterling inlaid silverplate, 5-piece place setting, $6.02; Holmes & Edwards. "Country Fare," dinner plate, $1.50; cup and saucer, $1; Zanesville Pottery. "Western Apple" hand-painted tumbler; Imperial. Linen mat and napkin, hand made.

*Pieces on which prices are quoted are not all shown (*i.e.*, 5-piece place setting, 1 teaspoon not shown).

The colorful makings of Liberty's tables won't cost a fortune, but they're bright backgrounds for many a meal, from family breakfast to holiday buffet

Breakfast for Four

Flatware, 16 pieces, and sugar tongs, salt and pepper shakers, $3.76, from your variety store. "Petalware," 4 cups, 4 saucers, 4 plates, serving plate, creamer and sugar, $3.95; "Tropic Leaf" pitcher and 6 tumblers, $3.45; Corning Glass. Linen for cloth and 4 napkins, made at home, $6.50.

Luncheon for Six

"Lady Hamilton," silverplate, 38-piece service for 6, $51; Oneida Community Plate. Dinnerware, 31-piece service for 6, $32.85; 6 glasses, $2.70; 54-by-54 cloth and 6 napkins, $8.95; all Russel Wright American Modern.

Buffet for Eight

"Youth," sterling inlaid silverplate, 52-piece service for 8, $68.50; Holmes & Edwards. "Jubilee" dinnerware, 8 plates, 8 cups and saucers, coffee pot, creamer and sugar, covered dish, $18.85; Homer Laughlin. Safedge "Bounce" tumblers, $1.60 a dozen; Libbey Glass. Cloth (64-by-90) and 8 napkins, Goodall's "Moraco" fabric, $15.95; John Matouk.

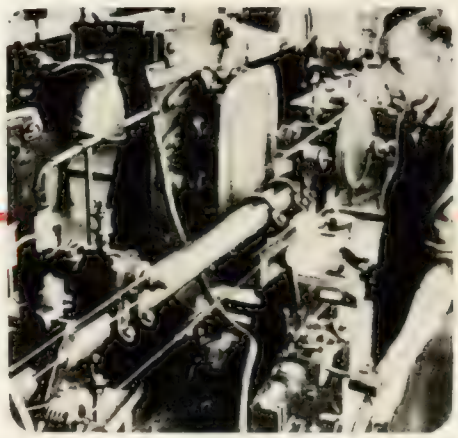
All prices are approximate

SEE HOW

Good design underlies all fine products, functional or decorative. It is the important first step in the production of today's quality silver-plated flatware and hollow ware. In developing products, top-flight industrial designers consider facilities, markets, and costs, as well as beauty and utility.

TOOLING

From its initial conception on the designer's board, your spoon moves to a skilled model maker who perfects the design in metal with the aid of hundreds of different tools. The design is modeled in red wax, and then cast in bronze, to be used in roughing out the design on steel dies which do the actual shaping.



Some phases of manufacturing call on sensitive, almost-human machinery to join the designer and skilled craftsman in creating your silverplate. Here, blocks of steel, shaped and cut to the size of dies, are fed into a die-cutting machine, to be roughed out according to final designs on the hand model.

The craftsmen again take over when the steel dies emerge from the machine, to touch up the delicate lines of the original design for accurate reproduction on your silverware. The dies are then hardened under extremely hot but controlled temperatures so they will stand up under continual pounding.

FINISHING

Now the nickel-silver blanks are cut to rough outlines of the pattern wanted. Tining machines carve out the forks; stamping blocks shape spoon bowls. A pair of steel dies on a drop press strikes the design of the particular pattern on front and back, as each piece evolves from rough blank to shapeliness.

As many as 16 separate polishing, trimming, and buffing operations follow, to smooth each piece to a velvety finish before plating. Edges and tips of handles, tines, edges and insides of spoon bowls all receive individual attention. Buffing wheels, emery belts, and pumice perform these exacting operations.

To insure high quality in the finished product, there is an almost continuous inspection of individual knives, forks, and spoons. After each polishing and buffing step, the silver goes to a quick-eyed inspector, who looks it over carefully and rejects any with imperfections before it goes to the plating tanks.

YOUR SILVERPLATE IS MADE

Liberty takes you through the factory of International Silver Co.* to show you what skill goes into making your silverplate

*MAKERS OF 1847 ROGERS BROS. SILVERPLATE, WILLIAM ROGERS & SON REINFORCED SILVERPLATE, HOLMES & EDWARDS STERLING INLAID SILVERPLATE, AND INTERNATIONAL STERLING.

PRODUCING

Actual manufacture begins with the mixing of nickel silver—64 per cent copper, 18 per cent zinc, and 18 per cent nickel. From huge melting furnaces it is poured at a temperature of 2,400° F. into iron molds. Each mold produces a long thin slab of nickel silver weighing about 90 pounds.

An essential part of an up-to-date silverware company is its research laboratory. Here all raw materials are examined; constant research to improve the product is under way. Die and cutlery steel, nickel silver, buffing abrasives, electroplating solutions are tested for such factors as quality, purity, and structure.

After final testing, the thin, smooth nickel-silver bars are fed into a blanking machine which shears them into small pieces—future forks and spoons. These pieces are squeezed in the narrowest part to strengthen the shank; then rolled, to distribute the metal to the required thickness, width, and length.

In the plating tanks, which contain bars of pure silver (anodes), spoons and forks (cathodes) are suspended on revolving racks in a silver-cyanide solution. An electric current shot through the tank breaks off particles of silver from the bars, which run through the solution to be deposited on the spoons and forks.

After plating, your almost-finished silverware is dipped in a French graying solution. This solution, by adhering to the sunken part of the design, outlines and accents its detail and beauty. Following this, there is another buffing with a special compound and three cloth wheels, to apply the final luster.

"Youth," Holmes & Edwards sterling inlaid silverplate, is ready. A moderate investment returns a lifetime of service and beauty.

THANKSGIVING'S TRADITIONAL FOODS

by Beulah Karney

There comes a time, once a year, when a woman goes through her chest of treasures for time-worn recipes in her mother's handwriting. Thanksgiving Day is not a day for experimenting, but a day when family traditions are followed and individual whims catered to. I'd as leave change your Thanksgiving menu as I would your name. But perhaps I can help you on the planning.

Of course, there isn't much doubt as to what goes on the menu: turkey and cranberries for sure. One year, quite a little spell back, I learned to make the best whole-berry sauce you ever put a mouth to. Maybe it will stand you in good stead, too.

Whole Berry Cranberry Sauce

4 cups cranberries
2 cups granulated sugar
2 cups water

Sort over, wash, and stem berries. Stir sugar in water until dissolved. Add berries and let stand 5 minutes. Bring to boil and cook without stirring for 5 minutes. Remove from heat and let stand another 5 minutes. Return to heat and cook for a final 5 minutes. Let stand until thoroughly cold. Pour into mold and chill. Makes approximately 1 quart.

HOLIDAY DESSERTS

From Liberty's Home Kitchen

SPICED YAM PIE: Mix 1¼ cups mashed Louisiana yams with ⅓ cup brown sugar, 3 tbsp. white sugar, ½ tsp. salt, 3 tsp. molasses, 2 tsp. flour, and 1¼ tsp. each ground ginger and cinnamon, ⅛ tsp. cloves. Beat 2 eggs lightly, add ½ cup cream and ½ cup milk. Add to potato mixture and mix well. Pour into 8-inch unbaked pastry shell. Bake in a hot oven (425° F.) 15 minutes. Reduce temperature to moderate (350° F.) until tip of silver knife inserted comes out clean—about 25 minutes.

TANGERINE CHIFFON PIE: Soften 1 envelope unflavored gelatine in ½ cup Florida tangerine juice. Bring 1 cup juice, ⅓ cup sugar, ½ tsp. salt to boil. Add slowly to 4 well-beaten egg yolks. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until slightly thickened. Pour over softened gelatine, stir well, and chill until syrupy. Beat 4 egg whites until stiff, add ⅓ cup sugar, and fold into mixture. Pour into 10-inch baked pie shell. Chill and garnish.

Here are tested recipes . . . to grace your holiday meals . . .

ICE-CREAM SPICY SAUCE: Mix together ½ cup golden raisins, 4 dried apricots, prunes, dates, and figs (cut in coarse pieces). Add ¼ tsp. each ground ginger, cloves, and cinnamon. Add ¼ cup sugar, ¼ cup blended whiskey. Let stand overnight. Add ¾ cup water, cook over low heat 15 minutes. Add ½ cup each blanched almonds and maraschino cherries.

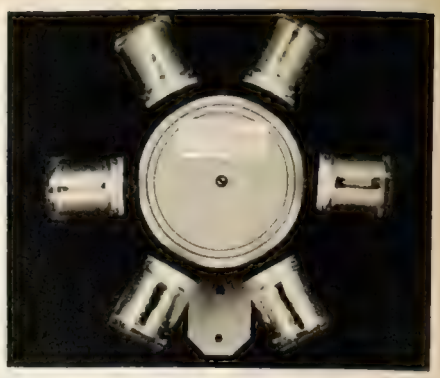
CREAMY HARD SAUCE: Cream ¼ cup butter until soft, add 1 cup granulated sugar gradually. Beat thoroughly. Add ¼ cup heavy cream by spoonfuls. When fluffy and light, add ¼ cup blended whiskey, a few drops at a time, and ¼ tsp. nutmeg. Chill and serve on steamed fruit pudding.

and top off the feast

LIBERTY SHOPS FOR THE FAMILY

This aluminum cornice adjusts to fit window frames 36 to 90 inches wide. In off-white enamel. Department and hardware stores, $3.95, $5.95.

Pido pastry lifters transfer wafer-thin pastry from bread board to pie plate without tearing or sticking. Department and houseware stores, $1.25.



You can keep nails, screws, or buttons neatly sorted in the glass jars of this rotating "finder." Miles Kimball, 190 Bond St., Oshkosh, Wis., $1.

Switch this Speed all-purpose steel handle from one tool to another instantly. Fits any type file, blade, reamer, scraper, spatula. 85 cents.

Bake, serve, and store any food in Anchor Hocking's durable Ivory Fire-King oven glassware. Department and variety stores, 12 pieces, $2.95.

Colored plastic cookie cutters in Walt Disney characters in four colors. Special cutting edge prevents sticking. Chain stores, 4 for 59 cents.

Winter-holiday tan on a budget by stretching out under General Electric's sun-lamp bulb. Can be used in A-C outlet. Appliance stores, $8.50.

The Duz-All mop's elbow-joint handle maneuvers easily under furniture. Two mop heads, 55-inch reach. Department stores, $3.98.

Sandwiches stay fresh without wax paper in this plastic box. Goes in lunch hamper, coat pocket, or refrigerator. Houseware stores, 25 cents.

Double ends on a gay red plastic clothespin mean double usefulness. Ratchford Corp., 726 South Broadway, Dayton, Ohio; 24 for 50 cents.

Protect holiday cakes and desserts with a plastic king-size cover, 10½ inches in diameter, and plate. Red, yellow, or crystal. $3.95.

The Safety stainless-steel cooking-spoon handle stays cool when hooked on the side of pan, and it can't fall in the food. 2 for $1.25.

All prices are approximate.

USE UP TO 25% LESS FUEL OIL

with a Duo-Therm heater with Power-Air

You don't want to pay *more* dollars for *less* heating comfort, but—

Chances are you will if you depend on a heater this winter that's not as efficient and downright fuel-thrifty as a Duo-Therm.

Doesn't it make sense, then, to invest *now* in a beautiful Duo-Therm heater with Power-Air? You bet it does. This exclusive pays-for-itself combination gives you clean, constant, just-right heating comfort while it cuts fuel oil bills as much as one-fourth.

You save up to 1 gallon of oil out of every 4!

Yes, the Duo-Therm heater with Power-Air Blower has proved in severe tests in a cold Northern climate it *actually cuts fuel use as much as 25%!* Being a Blower—not a fan—Power-Air gets more heat into every nook and corner . . . keeps floors much warmer . . . gives you more heat and comfort at the living level.

The major fuel savings made possible by Duo-Therm's exclusive Power-Air can pay for the cost of your new Duo-Therm and let you maintain your standard of heating comfort!

You save on oil with the exclusive Duo-Therm Burner!

Your fuel-oil savings with a Duo-Therm don't stop with Power-Air. Duo-Therm's amazing Burner *gets more heat out of every drop of oil,* too! The reason: it mixes air and oil in 6 stages (only the Duo-Therm Burner does this!) for clean, efficient operation from low pilot to highest flame.

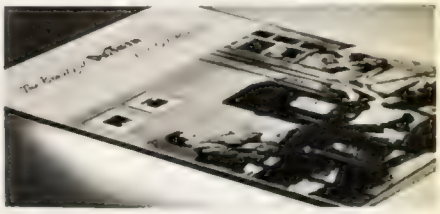
The full-bodied, mushroom type flame floats in the tough, lightweight steel heat chamber . . . hugs the chamber walls . . . transfers more heat to your home *quicker.* Because there are no moving parts, there's nothing to get out of order or wear out. And it's completely silent!

Beautify your home as you heat it!

Here's another extra you get when you get a Duo-Therm: *fine period furniture styling.* A Duo-Therm heater is designed by master furniture stylists to beautify your home as it heats it. No other heater gives you this!

And it's so *effortless* to heat with a Duo-Therm! On the first cold day you strike a match and light your Duo-Therm heater. Then tend the fire all winter by turning a handy dial. No work or dirt or ashes or worry *ever!*

Remember—it costs far less than you think to own one of these fine heaters. Duo-Therm makes a model for *every* purse and purpose! So why try to get through another winter without one? It won't pay you to have less!



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DECORATING *for under ten dollars . . .*

A HARVEST FESTIVAL TABLE SETTING

Create a festive spirit for the harvest holiday week-end by setting the table with green plates and home-designed favors. Its color and informality will appeal to family and guests alike

8 Jade-ite Fire King glass dinner plates, 20 cents each	$1.60
8 salad plates, 15 cents each (Anchor Hocking Glass)	1.20
8 Safedge decorated tumblers, 10 cents each (Libbey Glass)	.80
1 sheer paper linen table cover (green)	.50
1 package papier-mâché coasters (green)	.25
3 packages luncheon napkins (yellow, white, deep green), 25 cents a package (Paper Art Company)	.75
4 corn candles, 75 cents each (Emkay candles)	3.00
2 rolls flameproof streamers (yellow, white), 10 cents each	$ .20
4 folds flameproof crepe paper, 10 cents each	.40
1 box turkey seals	.10
1 roll yellow cellophane	.10
2 sheets white matstock, 20 cents each (Dennison's)	.40
5 yards yellow ribbon, 7 cents a yard	.35
3 yards narrow yellow ribbon, 4 cents a yard	.12
	$9.77

READER SERVICE BULLETIN:

How to Make a Cornucopia and Napkin Holders

Send a stamped self-addressed envelope for a sheet of directions to make these paper table ornaments. Address letter to Home Editor, Liberty Magazine, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Get out of the Grandstand

Here are tips from experts on health-building games that won't dent your pocketbook or land you in the hospital

by Hy Turkin

■ Sports in America are enjoying a new golden era as attendance records fall everywhere. Good sign? No—bad! For we are rapidly becoming a nation of sports spectators, worshiping from our grandstand pews the few specialists, the career athletes, the champions. We thereby cheat ourselves of fun and health and relaxation from direct participation. Though shocked by the number of 4-Fs in the last war, we quickly forgot that as a nation it's more important to play poorly than not at all. Liberty presents here several pleasant pastimes for all ages. And remember—people don't stop playing because they grow old; they grow old because they stop playing!

BOWLING: PINS COUNT

■ Set 'em up in the other alley–for almost 20,000,000 Americans will bowl this season, making it the nation's favorite indoor sport! With greater popularity comes greater proficiency, so that the throw-and-pray tribe of keglers is rapidly vanishing. Fans argue over two- vs. three-fingered balls; three vs. four vs. five steps for approach; spot vs. headpin aiming, etc. National champion Ned Day answers, "Do whatever feels natural. But once you've made your choice and found a comfortable delivery, concentrate on 'grooving' your actions. . . ."

SWIM AND SAVE LIVES

■ The American Red Cross reveals that 93 per cent of the 80,000,000 people who "go swimming" in this country every year are not swimmers! Fully 50 per cent know they can't swim, so they cautiously bathe in shallow water. But the 43 per cent who "swim only a little" are the ones who go just far enough out to get into trouble. Result: 70 per cent of our annual drownings occur within 40 yards of shore! There can hardly be a stronger sermon for learning to swim. Further, swimming has no peer in sports when it comes to all-around muscular development. And its bevy of photo-

HANDBALL IS TRICKY

■ Harold Keith recently remarked, "Handball is a deceiving game. At first sight it looks easy: just keep slapping a ball against a wall. But after the novice has tried it a few minutes, he will discover that he is drenched with perspiration, that he is exercising muscles not even listed in the average physiology textbook, and that he is covering more ground than a rural mail carrier." A game of terrificly fast starts and stops and lunges, handball is tough on the feet. Experts recommend a light pair of cotton socks under a heavier pair of woolen socks, the extra pair taking care of the friction that would otherwise wear out the soles of the feet. It's tough on arms too, so that although a devastating hop can be mastered from the wrist-snap shot with cupped hand, coaches warn that overuse of this stroke quickly results in a sore arm.

Championships are held annually in the two branches of handball–one-wall and four-wall. The single-wall game, popular in the East, is faster and requires more endurance. The four-wall variation–played in a "box" 23 feet high, 23 feet wide, and 46 feet long–is less strenuous.

Practice makes perfect, but at 35 cents a "line" on most alleys, it's best to develop form via dry runs: without the ball. Another neglected axiom is medium speed, for a fast ball will knock the maple pins off the alley before they can "mix." Finally, no one can become a good or even average bowler without consistently flattening the spares (pins left standing after the first throw). So the wonderful Day reveals: "It's all a matter of the correct angle. Move away from every spare and use as much of the width of the alley as possible."

genic females are made, not born, as witness Annette Kellerman, who took up swimming to build up her frail body—and developed a figure artists raved about for 20 years!

Every big beach and pool has a capable instructor. Or consult your local Red Cross for a course. Since *anybody* with normal intelligence and perseverance can learn to swim, many high schools and colleges now withhold diplomas until the graduate swims 100 feet. Among the many training gadgets available, Olympic coach Robert Kiphuth recommends a flutter board for kicking practice and water wings for arm practice.

Will someone you love be LONELY on Thanksgiving?

If distance separates you from parents, family or close friends, they'll be so lonesome, especially at Thanksgiving dinner.

Be There "in person" with Flowers by Wire!

Lovely table pieces, cut flowers or very attractive plants can be wired *anywhere* in the world in a *few hours*. The card delivered with them conveys your *personal* Thanksgiving message of love or remembrance.

Just see . . . F.T.D. Yes, see your own local F.T.D. florist or choose a member from the telephone directory yellow pages.

All F.T.D. florists display the Winged Mercury Emblem on their shop windows . . . this means satisfaction is guaranteed. And, happy day, Flowergrams are inexpensive! A wonderful flower order can be sent from Pittsburgh to Philadelphia for $5.45 and up (includes wire cost).

It's so Grand to be Remembered! In *Any* Event . . .

Send Flowers Worldwide via Interflora.

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION, 149 Michigan Avenue, Detroit 26, Mich.

IT'S A RINGER!

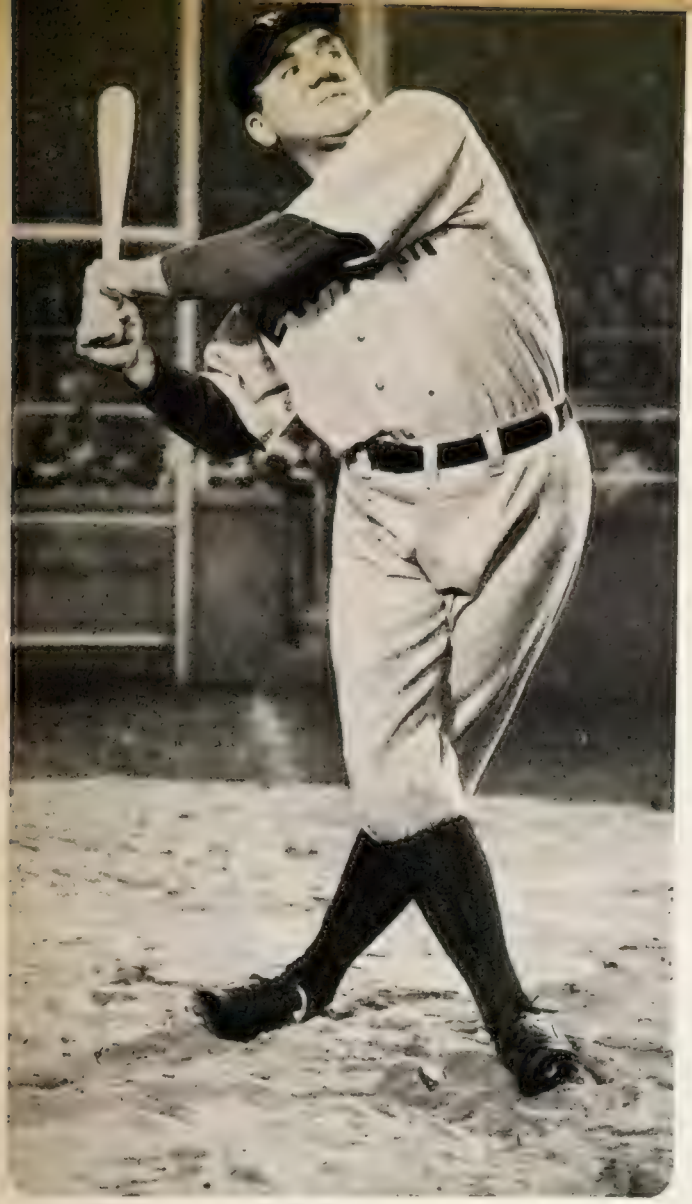
■ If you can no longer get a kick out of tossing a steel shoe 40 feet and hearing the crowning clink as it loops the stake, then your senility is more than skin deep. It doesn't take much muscle to heft a regulation 2½-pound horseshoe (one pound lighter for women and children, who also are allowed to stand 10 feet closer to the target). You can enjoy the game at most parks and playgrounds. Or you can play in your back yard. Novices prefer to grip the middle of the shoe, but here is championship form: Hold shoe with opening toward target. Keep thumb on top, index finger curled around calk (heel), and other fingers supporting shoe from below. Swing arm backward, then forward, releasing shoe as you step ahead with left foot. Index finger gives shoe slight twist upon release, so that it turns once around by the time it reaches the stake, opening forward, ready for a ringer.

DANCE ON SKATES

■ Fully 70,000,000 Americans have roller-skated at one time or another. That's half our population. Oldest active figure skater is Ann Paschal, 85, a Philadelphia Main Liner who cuts quite a figure in knee-high shoes; youngest is 25-month-old Ginger Lou Reid of Jackson, Mississippi. Less strenuous and easier to master than ice skating, roller recreation involves a passive slide rather than an active stride. Despite a broader base and slower speed than its bladed brother, the roller skate provides physical means for every person to glide and twirl with the ethereal grace of a ballet dancer. And it's quite proper for a male to skate up to an unknown and unescorted female at a rink and ask for the next roller dance. That 4,000 rinks are able to flourish in the United States today is a tribute to the Roller Skating Institute. Its superintendence has helped neighborhood rinks earn O.K.s from church and school committees.

HISTORIC BUT FUN

■ The historic game of billiards has numbered former U. S. presidents, kings, and Nobel Prize winners among its devotees. Before the boom of table tennis, pocket billiards was America's favorite cellar sport. It still has universal appeal. No other game has a higher premium on science and skill as contrasted with luck. Since the table is 12 by 6 feet and the ball weighs a scant quarter pound, very little force is needed to impel the cue ball twice the length of the table, which is as far as necessary in all but very exceptional cases. Billiards is so easy to learn, too many players dive prematurely into the trick-shot realm. It's far more important to perfect the rudiments of the game—stance, bridge, stroke. Even when a fair degree of efficiency is attained, the player should occasionally revert to single-ball practice and direct long shots, just as a prima donna spends hours practicing the scales, though her admirers little suspect it.



reading time 3 minutes

BENDIX AT THE BAT

by Elizabeth Wilson

Hollywood's idea of an actor to portray a famous personality is one who will fill the till if not the bill. But in picking Bill Bendix to play Babe Ruth, the film makers have put the whammy on tradition

■ Early last January, Roy Del Ruth, who produced The Babe Ruth Story for release by Allied Artists, put in a phone call to Bill Bendix.

"Bill," he said, "be in my office by ten. I want to discuss the Babe Ruth part with you."

"Sure," said the stocky mild-mannered Bendix. On his way to the studio he kept telling himself, "Don't get excited. They don't want me for the Babe. I *know* how to play baseball. They want a pretty boy who can carry the love interest. Naw, I haven't a chance." By the time he reached Del Ruth's office he was fresh out of fingernails.

Five minutes after ten Bendix had signed a contract to play George Herman Ruth, baseball's most fabulous hero. That was when the studio officials discovered they had bought themselves a real ballplayer! Bendix, they learned, lived for years only three blocks from the New York Polo Grounds. At that time there wasn't a Yankee Stadium. The Yanks played at the Polo Grounds. As a boy, Bill sold newspapers at the entrance. Later he got a job swinging the turnstiles by hand when the customers entered. Later Bill became a bat boy. "I used to work out with the Yanks when they practiced in the morning," says Bill. "I played semi-pro baseball around New York for several years. Baseball is something I know."

Last May Bendix was flown east for the filming of scenes at Yankee Stadium. While 37,000 fans looked on, he hit a 290-foot wallop off Lefty Gomez. The ball did roll over the foul line, but it was a healthy swat when you consider that right-handed Bill was batting left-handed (the Babe was a southpaw) and the packed stadium was betting he'd strike out, because he was an actor. Then Bill hit a second long one right over second base and the fans went wild.

Del Ruth and associate producer Joe Kaufman took no chances on the possibility of criticism from baseball fans and sports writers. Because the film covers a period from 1906 to 1947, and because the memories of baseball fans are longer than those of elephants, every little detail was checked and double-checked. Take the uniforms, for example. Seven complete sets of uniforms were required for the New York Yankees alone, because they changed various parts of their uniforms that many times during Babe Ruth's career in baseball.

Pat Flaherty, who pitched for the Red Sox when Ruth was a member of the team, was hired by Allied Artists as technical adviser. They also brought to the Coast Mrs. Lou Gehrig, widow of the former Yankee first baseman. Flaherty tipped Bendix off to many of the Babe's mannerisms, such as his batting stance, the way he ran and walked, and how he tipped his cap to the crowd when coming home after hitting a four-bagger.

As the clincher, the studio brought the Sultan of Swat himself to the Coast. That was some months before cancer finally took the life of baseball's most colorful hero. Only once did he criticize Bendix's portrayal of himself. "I didn't stand pigeon-toed at bat," he said. No one gave him an argument. But his former teammates winked at one another behind his back.

Bill Bendix was born January 14, 1906, in New York City. His boyhood ambition was to become a big-league baseball player. But his family hit upon hard times and young Bill had to hustle out and make some ready cash. He got into acting in 1936 when he landed with the New Jersey Federal Theater Project. In November, 1939, he opened in the Theater Guild's production of The Time of Your Life. Hollywood gave him the nod. He has been under contract to Paramount for eight years. Saturdays he appears on his own radio show, The Life of Riley. ■■

"SOMETHING TO CHEER ABOUT," Says Mr. T.

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"Season after season the "first team" pencil is

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THE REAL DEWEY

Continued from Page 13

nights, weeks, and months of battling against enormous evils long entrenched.

Even before he was swept into office as district attorney because of his successes as a special prosecutor, the newspapermen were complaining that he was not "co-operative," and sometimes hardly "approachable."

There is no room here for repeating the stories of those earthquakes of abrupt attack by which Dewey brought down in ruins whole systems of corruption. He caught dozens of big gangsters by the heels in one night. He packed floors of big buildings with suddenly captured ladies of the evening who had been sold like cattle by their loathsome drovers. He hid and protected witnesses whose lives were in danger. It was essential to these magnificent victories that absolute secrecy should be maintained. The only way the job could be done was to keep reporters at a distance, to be at times bluff and gruff and impolite. It was thus that the myth of Dewey's arrogance had its beginning.

I have never seen a sign that Dewey felt himself any better than anybody else, except perhaps in the realization that he has an almost unrivaled ability and willingness to work harder than almost anybody else.

He knew for years that there was a prize of $25,000 waiting for the man who would kill him. Yet he went everywhere, often eluding the bodyguards forced on him by his lieutenants. It was a time, too, when gang murders were commonplace.

■ At that time he had merely rented his farm. He longed to own it. Both house and land had suffered long neglect and the price was $30,000. The down payment of $3,000 demanded was far beyond Dewey's resources.

He borrowed the $3,000 and moved in and has built the farm into a profit-making venture.

"My farm has to pay," he has said, "or there ain't no farm."

In 11 years he has not quite paid off that mortgage. He owns no house in town. And in these days, when labor bosses live in palaces, Dewey's failure to get rich is one reason why nobody has ever impugned his integrity.

When he was elected district attorney, one of his first acts was a proof of his inherent justice and mercy. His assistants were trying cases in 15 courtrooms at once. In one of them Dewey's assistant was troubled because an ignorant young Negro guilty of a petty theft had previously been advised to plead guilty to grand larceny in the first degree.

This plea compelled the judge to sentence the lad to from ten to 20 years in the penitentiary.

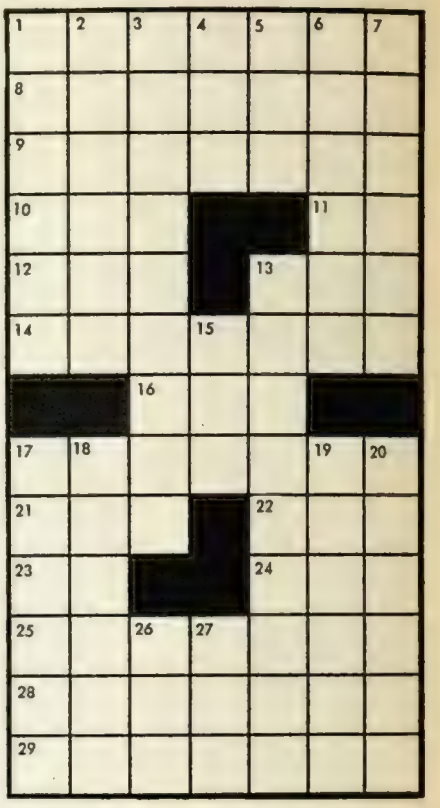
Dewey broke in on the court with a charge that "the plea of guilty and the mandatory sentence are an outrage." He joined in a motion to withdraw the plea of guilty, and the

Liberty

SHANANAGRAMS

An Anagramatical Cockeyed Quizword

By Ted Shane

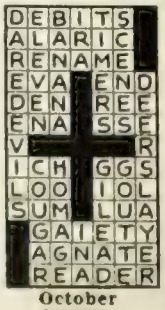


ACROSS

1 Sinatra becomes a cold beauty
8 Complains and peers in (sounds like reforestation)
9 Moses, takes advantage, gets pi-eyed
10 Looks like this tree is waiting for something to happen
11 Backward Ed
12 French summer tee
13 French they
14 A. creeps as he walks again
16 Tie this to an inhabitant
17 Let seer find Pittsburgh pro football iron man
21 This has exclamatoriness
22 The more she tries to conceal this, the more it shows
23 Eh, girls, like this kind o' man?
24 It's a Frrrench name, mon!
25 A double A-I card admits one to Dreamland
28 I, Slater, am a fact-facer
29 Spa sect has many miens

DOWN

1 Mr. Ritter is banaler
2 See Tim about Jew or Arab
3 Pipes leap in praise of New England mush-filled delights
4 A Grande thing that runs about Mehico
5 They sin in office
6 Big stone thing Cleopatra sewed with
7 This sounds like a female jackass
13 I see this pertaining to a clan of human dice cubes
15 Tea-vitamined
17 It's as dry as Hara on a hot day
18 Here's T yonder
19 The I of the stogie
20 Redeposits streamlined body on athletic mattress
26 Cloth nut holder
27 Water of elation



October Answer

court, reducing the sentence to two and a half years, added a word of praise for "the fine attitude of the district attorney in his effort to attain the humane administration of justice."

A Negro of 19 had been convicted of possessing a pistol and was awaiting severe sentence. Dewey looked into the case and found that the boy was innocent and had been framed by a policeman anxious for promotion.

Dewey said to the judge, "I have a grave and unpleasant duty to perform in this case. I move to set aside the conviction on the grounds that perjured testimony was given by a member of the Police Department."

So the prisoner was set free and the policeman went to jail. Dewey has always been a friend of the Negro, and a Negress who was a lawyer was one of his first appointments.

But Dewey was the friend of the policemen, too. In those gang-infested days he announced that "Any man who even points a pistol at a cop will be prosecuted to the limit, and any man who kills a cop will go to the electric chair if the combined power of police and prosecutor can send him there."

It had long been a commonplace of the administration of "justice" that the big criminal had little to fear, since he could employ great lawyers while the poor criminal could afford only the dregs of the profession. A partial attempt to remedy this had been the assignment of a public defender to pauper defendants, and for 60 years the Legal Aid Society had kept a few lawyers employed for the impoverished accused. But these lawyers were young and overworked. Successful lawyers would not accept the jobs.

Speaking at a dinner of the Bar Association, Dewey called the situation "a tragedy and a farce." He told of a woman arrested for vagrancy who was so poor that the judge released her and gave her five dollars out of his own pocket. Her lawyer met her outside and took the five as his fee.

Then Dewey made a startling proposal. Every lawyer in the Bar Association, however rich or famous or busy, should pledge himself to defend for no fee four or five pauper defendants, just as doctors devote part of their time to free clinics. In addition to this senior panel of eminent attorneys, prosperous firms should assign their members newly admitted to the bar to a month or two of defending such cases for the sake of experience—their salaries and expenses being paid by the firms. Dewey's proposal was greeted with cheers and the group formed was called the Volunteer Defenders.

■ The Catholics gave Dewey the Cardinal Newman award in 1939 for "an outstanding contribution to the enrichment of American life." The same year the Civic Center Synagogue gave him a miniature Torah as "a champion of tolerance and justice and a liberty-loving American." In 1939 Dartmouth College gave him a citation for his "conspicuous mastery of what had been previously organized crime."

For sending to the penitentiary labor bosses who were not only tyrannizing their helpless members, but selling them out and growing rich on their earnings, he has been called a labor hater and a labor baiter. He has always fought Communism and has been its most outspoken enemy.

He has never believed in the one indispensable man. He has fought the idea and the pretenders to the title. He has treated himself not as an indispensable man, but as an expendable one. He has worked as the servant of the people, their attorney, their agent. He is used to co-operating with large staffs of assistants, and he knows how to delegate power to others, to divide the toil, and not to monopolize the credit. One of his most noteworthy traits, in fact, is his eagerness to give due credit to others, even to his rivals.

One of his earliest and toughest cases was that against "Waxey" Gordon. When it was won, a New York editor wrote: "We liked Dewey's fine tribute to the federal aides and agents whose long, hard work brought Beer Baron Waxey Gordon to justice. In the first flush of his own victory the young prosecutor did not forget to say: 'This case could not have been presented or won without the brilliant and faithful work of —.' " Their names followed.

■ Nothing is certain in this life, and almost anything can happen. So let us not try to guess what Dewey will do if he gets into the White House. But it is safe to say, judging the future by the past, that if he is elected and inaugurated and lives, he will continue to be what he has always been: a singularly straightforward and forward-going executive, still the servant and the attorney of the people, and still thinking of the people as individuals, each with his or her own equal rights.

He has already declared his intention of changing the Vice-President from a nonentity to an important partner in the government. When he became district attorney he cut the enormous costs to the bone and built the office's efficiency to an unheard-of high. So he will undoubtedly attack perilous wastage and restore expenses to reason.

Many say that he knows nothing of international affairs; but, even before he became special prosecutor and district attorney, he had served as a federal attorney dealing in the most complex international affairs. As Governor of the Empire State he has been in incessant contact with foreign business of every sort. As an administrator he has always shown almost miraculous efficiency, and the administration of New York State affairs in many fields has been as gigantic and as complex as the national administration.

Though I am as far from an optimist as one can well be, I cannot but feel that the people will find in Dewey what they have long needed: a self-sacrificing, honorable, devoted, warm-hearted, and human attorney. ■ ■

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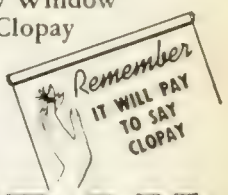
So now, more than ever, it pays to insist on Clopay Window Shades, for only Clopay Shades come on the miracle new Plasti-Fibre Tube Rollers.



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Liberty RECORDS

About Ballads

by Jimmy Durante*

M-G-M

Recording Artist

■ From across the sea, over London way, come Len Camber and his Accordion Aces (Fawncy name for a squeeze-box band, what?) doing a ditty called **Underneath the Arches,** and a slow lilty entitled **Silver Wedding Waltz,** written for the silver wedding anniversary of the King and Queen of England. (M-G-M 10264; list price, 75 cents.)

Betty Garrett, a lass with a laugh, sings the funny story of **The Matador,** all about a bullfighter who gets the bum's rush from the bull. On the other side Betty goes a bit wistful on **Buttons and Bows,** a tale of a cute skirt from the cactus country who wants to "go east." Harold Mooney's orchestra is good on both sides. (M-G-M 10244; list price, 75 cents.)

Wanna coo a little with your favorite "tate-a-tate"? Listen to Guy Lombardo's **Cuddle Up a Little Closer** and **By the Light of the Silvery Moon.** (Decca Collectors' Series 25405; list price, 75 cents.)

Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra do a smooth job on something called **Until,** with Harry Prime, the Clark Sisters, and the Town Criers all joining vocal cords for the lyrics. There's also a pretty slush pump solo by T. D. It's backed up by an instrumental, **After Hour Stuff,** in jump tempo. (Victor 20-3061; list price, 75 cents.)

Do you like to hear those high notes? Then bend an ear (You, too, Umbriago) to a new Stan Kenton platter called **Bongo Riff,** a frantic, mad jiveroo with a bongo-drum solo, no less. Turn it over and you'll find a not-quite-so frantic **Willow, Weep for Me,** sung by June Christy. (Capitol 15170; list price, 75 cents.)

For the little darlings around your house, pick up an album called **Billy On a Bike,** by Vaughn Monroe, with Ray Carter and his orchestra. Vaughn talks and sings the story of Mr. I. Magination, who hops on the tip of little Billy's nose (Stealin' my stuff, eh, Junior?) and takes him on a make-believe trip around the world. (Victor 4-366; list price, $2.25.) ■■

*Appearing Friday nights, NBC.

THE FUTURE YEARS

Continued from Page 15

three times that high already. If that's all you've got, you might as well go home. I'm expecting two men here most any time now—I'm choosing between them."

"Doesn't the boy have any say?" Mallory asked.

"Certainly," Jorgesen snapped; "but he listens to me. I guess I've clothed and fed him good all his life. I'm no college man, but I've done damned well. Bud knows where good advice comes from."

"I see," Mallory said. "Well, there's no objection to meeting your son, is there? I'd like to talk with him, Mr. Jorgesen."

"Certainly not," Jorgesen said expansively. "Matter of fact, Bud always works out in the afternoon. Why don't you watch him, Mallory?" Jorgesen's eyes glinted sarcastically. "Haven't got a good fullback coming up next year, have you? Your passing and kicking is weak, too, isn't it? Bud can kick eighty yards, pass eighty yards, and he eats tougher lines than yours for breakfast. And you know what he did in two years of army football."

That was the trouble, Mallory thought miserably, he did know. Bud Jorgesen, fresh from high school, had run wild against older, more experienced players in the army league. There was no doubt of his ability.

"I might work out with him a little," Mallory said, "if he doesn't mind."

"He's out back," Jorgesen said. "Introduce yourself, but don't try any soft soap. It won't do any good."

■ The boy was unloading shingles from a truck and swinging the bundles effortlessly into the adjacent bin.

Bud Jorgesen stood six five easily and must weigh two forty, Mallory judged, wide as the proverbial barn door, thick-chested and huge-handed, moving with the smooth quick grace of a scat back. He looked clean and alert. Mallory felt sick, looking at this boy and thinking how much the university would lose. Then he was near and extending his hand.

"Hello," Mallory said. "I'm Mallory, Bud."

Bud Jorgesen shook hands crushingly and grinned. "I know you. Line coach, aren't you?"

"Yes," Mallory said. "I just talked to your father. He told me to come out and say hello."

"I wondered if you guys were ever coming up," Bud Jorgesen said. The sarcasm in his voice was badly concealed, showing plainly how he felt and judged the business of football.

"School doesn't start for a month," Mallory said pleasantly. "A lot of boys generally wait until the last minute to make up their minds. Picking your school and courses is important, Bud. You base a lot of your future on it."

"Oh, sure," Bud Jorgesen said easily. "Well, did you talk business with dad?"

"Not much," Mallory said. "I came up to see you. You're the one going to school, aren't you?"

"Look," Bud Jorgesen said tightly. "You talk just like Sally—she's my girl—always bellyaching about how important college is. I know why I'm going to school, Moose. I'm playing fullback, then I'm playing pro ball, and by then I'll have my pile. Don't give me that school-and-state-spirit stuff—but dad told you that already, I'll bet. I'm no kid. I've got two years of army behind me. I know what I'm doing. We're taking the best offer, and from the way those jerk grads of yours have been beefing to me, yours don't even add up to ice-cream money. No offense, you understand. It's not your fault. I reckon you'd like to have me play for you, wouldn't you?"

"We can always use good prospects," Mallory said mildly. "You had a good high-school record, Bud—"

"Use!" Bud Jorgesen said. "Stop it, Moose. Don't make me laugh. I busted tougher guys apart in army ball than you've had for five years."

■ The sad part of it was, Mallory thought, this boy was right to an appreciable degree. He hated to see a young man like this, without foresight or true ambition, living entirely in the present with no thought for the future. He knew how Bud Jorgesen's thoughts ran. His own had followed the same pattern years ago. Only, today, this boy was already counting the money he would save in four years of college ball and the big money in the pro game. They were nice, Mallory knew, those dreams. But this boy, and so many others like him, did not consider the final thirty or more years of their lives. They slid through college, played five or six years of pro ball, and then they faced the stern reality of life. It took only a short, and painful, time to make them see and understand those things they had not considered years earlier: that the money wouldn't last forever, and if they had thoughts of coaching, too many of them realized, too late, that coaching wasn't as easy as it looked. So they had to start building a different, new life in their thirties, without a trade or profession. Not all of them, of course, but too many like this boy. And there was so very little he could do to make the boy see and understand.

"All right," Mallory said. "There's no use talking if your mind is made up."

"You give up easy," Bud Jorgesen said, staring at Mallory oddly. "If I didn't know better, I'd think you guys didn't give a darn whether you hooked me or not."

"We'd like to have you," Mallory said honestly. "I won't kid you, Bud. But I'm afraid we can't offer you the same things."

Bud Jorgesen laughed. "I know what you've got to offer. Hundred and twenty-five a month tops and work my fanny off for it, a place to stay and my chow, and what else? Nothing. Listen. Do you know that we're gonna decide between two guys coming here any minute now?

"I can go to this one school and not work a lick. They'll give me a car, all my clothes, and everything else, a nice place to stay, three hundred a month spending money, and a bonus

when I finish. And the other guy offered me the same deal. The only thing to settle is the bonus. Whoever comes through highest, dad says that's the one we take."

"What course are you taking?" Mallory asked.

Bud Jorgesen looked away for a moment, then laughed shortly. "Phys. ed. I had an idea once I wanted to be a doctor, but that's a lot of hooey. There's more doctors than fleas coming along now."

"Good doctors?" Mallory asked, looking at the boy's huge but surprisingly quick and supple hands.

"What's the difference?" Bud Jorgesen said. "It takes half your life to be a doctor. And then you starve trying to get started. Dad's right. Take the money when it's easy."

"By the way," Mallory said. "About all this stuff they're offering you. Are you going to sign anything for it?"

"Sign?" Bud Jorgesen said scornfully. "You know better than that, Moose. A guy don't sign papers for that stuff and then get in Dutch."

"Sure," Mallory said gently, "I know better. Well, Bud, I guess it wouldn't do me any good to talk about the school, would it?"

"Not a bit, Moose, not unless you lay it on the line."

"All right," Mallory said. "Your father told me you work out in the afternoon. How about letting me toss it around with you?"

Bud Jorgesen gave Mallory a longer, deeper look. "I'd be glad to, Moose. You really cold-cocked 'em back in your day, didn't you?"

"I got around," Mallory said faintly, provoked at this boy's casual placing of him in the forgotten past.

"What do you weigh?" Bud Jorgesen asked.

"Around two twenty," Mallory said. "I'm overweight now, Bud. When training starts, I get down to two five."

"You were All-American end three straight years, weren't you?" Bud Jorgesen said suddenly. "Come on, let's go out back. I'd sure like to toss you some passes."

"Don't expect too much," Mallory chuckled. "I'm thirty-six, Bud, and slow as a truck."

"I'll bet!" Bud Jorgesen said. "Come on, Moose. I want to know what you think of my short passes."

■ Half an hour later Mallory was sad. For the boy had everything, Mallory knew, and more than that. He could pass eighty yards or eight with equal accuracy. He kicked with an explosive power, sending booming punts seventy and eighty yards, keeping them high and on spiral, or low and end over end; and he hit the side lines with uncanny skill. He moved like a halfback and danced easily before throwing to Mallory, who stood now, sweaty and tired, taking a breather while the boy was barely warmed up. This boy had everything and knew it, knew it too well, and loved to show his ability to men like Mallory who could watch and appreciate.

"I'm a little off my timing on those short ones," Bud Jorgesen said. "I didn't lead you enough when you cut."

Are you in the know?

When a gal's not "one of the gang"—why?

☐ *She's shy* ☐ *She's a glow worm* ☐ *She's a vacuum cleaner*

Shyness is only one reason. She may be a glow worm (self-centered). Or a vacuum cleaner (picks up all the dirt). Any answer above can be right. The cure? Learn to get along with others. Good way's to join a dramatic club. Be a good trouper, *whatever* the day—for Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. Yes, *new* Kotex has wonder-softness that *holds its shape.* Add the new Kotex Sanitary Belt that's adjustable, all-elastic—and, come hours of rehearsals—you're *doubly* comfortable!

Do you open bobby pins with—

☐ *Your fingernails*
☐ *Your front teeth*
☐ *Your left thumb*

Why fight "bobbies" tooth and nail? Either approach wrecks enamel. Instead, hold curl with left fingers, bringing up pin with right hand. Open pin with ball of left thumb; keep apart with flesh of right finger . . . the rest is easy. And by the way, why don't *you* rest easy, concerning certain stubborn worries? Let Kotex rout those poise-wreckers! —with the *extra* protection you get with Kotex' exclusive safety center. It's accident insurance! (*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

If he's your guest, what about tickets?

☐ *Buy them at the door*
☐ *Buy them in advance*
☐ *The boy should buy them*

Could be he goes to a different school; or lives in another town. In any case, when gal invites guy, the shindig tickets are *her* problem. Buy and hand 'em over in advance. Don't fluster him by fumbling at the door. There's a way *you* can stay unflustered . . . even though your calendar defies you. It's simply a matter of choosing Kotex, knowing those *flat pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines. So, relax. And skylark through the dance in confidence!

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Mallory had to be honest. He couldn't lie about real ability. He wiped his red sweating face and said, "You're all right, Bud, but I'll give you a tip—on your short passes over the line, you have a tendency to keep the nose down just a little too much. Try throwing them with just a little upward tilt and your ends will take them easier."

"What's the difference?" Bud Jorgesen said absently. "Good ends are supposed to catch your passes. They won't be in there if they don't."

Mallory knew then, understanding more than a thousand words could tell. This boy was one of those naturals who did everything with superlative grace, and had been praised and patted so much that he was unable to accept advice. And that was a shame, for the little things good coaching could do would make him just that much better. Mallory wondered if the father was to blame.

"Thanks," Mallory said. "I could use a lot of exercise. I don't get out much except during practices."

Bud Jorgesen glanced at him curiously. "You mean, you're not going to try and match those other offers?"

"Look—" Mallory began, and then shook his head; it was no use. He went on: "No use explaining, Bud. We just can't do it."

What was the use? he thought. How could he explain to this boy that life was more than a few thousand easy dollars, a few short years of headlines and pro pay checks? More than coasting through school when he had the wonderful opportunity to study and learn and plan for the future?

■ The afternoon was growing short and they stood apart some ten feet, tossing the ball back and forth underhanded without thought, as men so often do when the game is ingrained in them by love and years. Two men joined Mr. Jorgesen under the trees, standing carefully on each side of him and staring warily at each other. Mr. Jorgesen pointed at Mallory and said something, and the two men glanced at each other and smiled in mutual understanding.

"Hey," Bud Jorgesen said softly. "Your competitors, Moose, sneaked back early and met each other cheating. I guess we'll settle it today. Say, I didn't show you how I could block, did I?"

"No pads," Mallory said mildly. "This ground is a little rough, Bud."

The boy smiled derisively. "I won't hurt you, Moose. I just want to show you I can block if I have to. Listen. I worked out a block on the end on a cutback play I bet you never saw."

Never saw a block? Mallory thought silently. Never saw a block after eleven years of teaching offense and defense on blocking? The boy wanted to show off, give him one last physical reminder of the power and strength Mallory would not have on his team. Mallory said, "What kind of block, Bud?"

"Look," Bud Jorgesen said eagerly. "You go out and play defensive left end—don't worry, I won't hurt you—and I'm coming from full, see, our halfback carrying like we're going on a wide sweep, only at the last count I cut back and smear the end, and the half cuts behind me through the hole. Our wing is drifting too, so I've got to take that end while our end takes their tackle in and our pulling guard comes around for their full."

LIBERTY
"I trust you men enjoyed a pleasant summer."

"That's a standard play," Mallory said. "Nothing new about that, Bud."

"Yeah?" Bud Jorgesen said. "Well, listen, Moose. I knock that end out and keep right on going and take the full and the half, too. Think I can't do it?"

"It can be done," Mallory said slowly, "but it's bad football—not sure, won't work more than one out of ten times."

"All right," Bud Jorgesen said. "You take the end. I'll count the play and start on three. I'll let you know beforehand. You watch what happens."

Mallory had gone through this so many times it was almost monotonous in his mind. He understood the boy's eagerness. They tried these plays in high school, and probably in his army games he had worked them against poorly trained ends and thought he had something new. He would come wide, cut in sharply, fake with his head or shoulders, and hit Mallory with a semi-shoulder-and-body block around the belly, knocking him out and away and going on through with the force of his drive. It was a comparatively simple play against the average end, especially when the blocker was as big as this boy, with all the drive and power in the world. But the boy did not understand, or had failed to realize, that against the ends in university's conference and other games—the toughest football in the land—that sort of thing was impossible. But the boy had to learn. Mallory sighed and took up a defensive end position, standing slack and long-armed.

"You better get set," Bud Jorgesen said. "I might brush you a little."

Might, Mallory thought grimly, knowing exactly what this boy wanted to do—knock him sprawling and then brag about it for years to come, or at least until he bucked against his first real end play.

"Go ahead," Mallory said.

He heard Mr. Jorgesen say something, and the two men laughed softly. Mallory let his body go loose, then came to tenseness slowly, building himself into this imaginary play as he had so many times long ago. He

still had it, he thought with grim pleasure, maybe slower but with his brain smarter than ever.

"O.K.," Bud Jorgesen said loudly. "Here I come. One—two—three—"

As in slow motion, Mallory saw him explode from the crouch, driving low and viciously on the imaginary end sweep, eyes straight ahead, arms held close and pumping, coming abreast and even one step beyond Mallory; and then, cutting back with unbelievable shortness and speed for so large a man, he was in and onto Mallory, his face tight and his arms coming up automatically against his chest, digging down for a split second and moving in, to toss Mallory ten feet on his back.

Mallory thought, in this moment, Did you ever see a certain Michigan end play it, son? and was suddenly flat on his belly, legs spread wide and crablike, arms against his face, elbows out and pressing the rough ground, his buttocks coming up with a vicious, jabbing movement. He decided grimly that he could still submarine with the best of them, feeling the contact as the boy's legs caromed against his body and buttocks and were swept from under the plunging body as a man cuts grass with a razor-sharp flail.

■ Mallory was instantly on his feet, springing into a crouch, arms wide, showing by this mute play that he was waiting for the ball carrier who, by simple virtue of being one count behind and just completing his cutback, would run straight into Mallory's waiting arms. And then he heard Mr. Jorgesen cry out hoarsely, and he turned toward the boy.

Bud Jorgesen had gone into a pinwheel, come back on his feet, still driving, aware that he had been fooled, but instinctively completing the play, looking for that imaginary halfback. Mallory turned in time to see one foot strike a small rock and twist horribly. Bud Jorgesen cried out, arms rising, and fell in a rolling, crumpled mass.

Mallory reached him first, holding him down against the instinctive move to rise and test his hurt; and Mr. Jorgesen and the two strange men came pounding breathlessly across the field. Jorgesen was crying, "Damn you, Mallory! You did it on purpose. I saw you! I'll sue—"

The boy was already sitting, holding Mallory's shoulder with one huge hand and biting back the agony. He said, "Shut up, dad! It was my own fault, not his. I slipped. Oh! . . ."

Mallory said, "Let's have a look, Bud. Get that shoe off."

The two men were suddenly close over them, watching while Bud Jorgesen unlaced his shoe and stared, white-faced, at the rapidly swelling ankle and the odd-looking bump just beneath the thick knob of bone which, in itself, seemed pushed from line. Bud Jorgesen winced when Mallory's long fingers touched and felt the ankle. He said, almost in a whisper, "It's broken! I can feel it."

Mr. Jorgesen was incoherent, wringing both hands and trying to speak. One of the men looked quickly at the other, and both shook their heads almost imperceptibly. One of them said, "You sure, Bud?"

The boy was in intense pain, not knowing what he was saying, and threw his words at them savagely: "Damn it! I can tell, can't I?"

"Well," one of them said to the other, "I guess we'd better—"

Mallory felt the guilt in his chest but did not speak. The two men turned and walked toward the shed, and Mr. Jorgesen almost shrieked and ran after them. Mallory saw them shaking their heads and going on. All three disappeared into the shed shadow.

"They"—Bud Jorgesen said—"they're leaving! They—"

Mallory saw the boy fight back pain and think, think hard for the first time in his young life. Mallory got him under the shoulders and lifted him, and they stood together, the boy leaning heavily on Mallory's arm. He said, in a quiet small voice, "So that's what you meant, Moose?"

"Relax, Bud," Mallory said quietly. "It isn't broken. Just looks bad. We'll get right to a doctor. You'll be O.K. in three or four months. I've seen a thousand like this one."

"How do you know?" Bud snapped.

Mallory said quietly, "I'm a dentist, Bud, in the off season. I studied other medicine to get the low-down on just this sort of thing. You'll be fine in four months at the most. Don't worry. They'll be back next year."

Bud Jorgesen said thinly, "They went away. What if I'd bust it in a game? Couldn't play any more? I wonder—"

Mallory knew what the boy was thinking, and how true his assumption was, in most cases. Boys like Bud, who played for such schools, for the big money, without signing a paper, were done if that happened. Somewhere the boy had heard that fact and ignored it, never being hurt before, and now he was staring reality in the face and growing older even as they hobbled toward the shed.

"I'll call Sally," Bud Jorgesen said painfully. "Her dad is the doctor. She works at the café during the summer."

Mallory suppressed a smile. "Dark hair, lots of temper?"

"Take it easy," Bud Jorgesen gasped. "Yes—mad at me, and I don't know why, the past two months." He stared at Mallory, cynicism lifting his full lips. "I suppose you'll wish me good luck and take off, too?"

"Well," Mallory said quietly, "first we've got to soak and X-ray this ankle and get it fixed up right. I was wondering if you might not reconsider, Bud. What's the difference if you can't play for us this fall? Why don't you come down next week, when you can walk, and talk to Dean Williams about our pre-med courses? I'll fix you up with your job and scholarship."

"But"—the boy said haltingly—"what if—if I can't ever play? You never can tell."

"You'll play." Mallory grinned slightly. "Believe me, Bud. But it wouldn't make any difference. The job is honest. Your scholarship is

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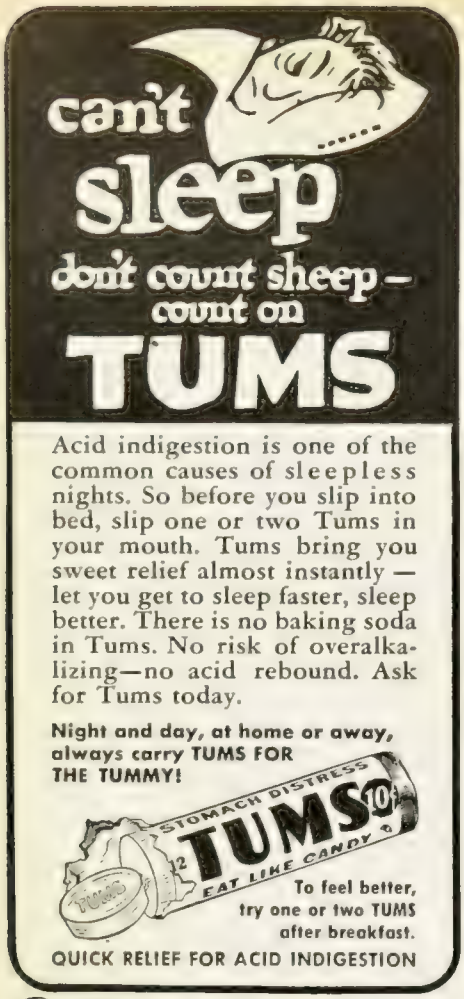
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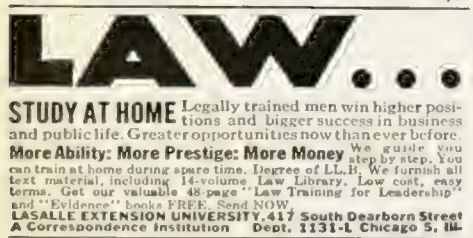
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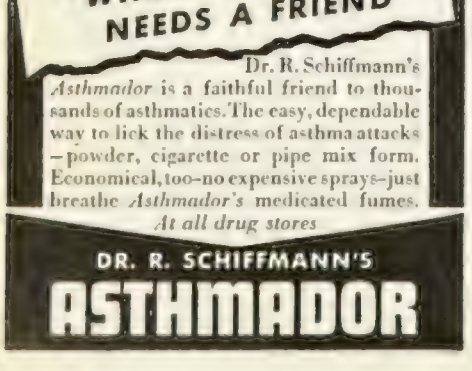
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good, no matter what happens during football season in any year. You see, Bud, we're more interested in helping you learn how to live later on, than just while you're living with us. Think it over, and then come down next week."

Bud Jorgesen gasped, "I don't have to think much, Moose. I'll be there."

Helping the boy up the back steps into the office, Mallory was suddenly anxious to see the girl's face when she talked to this boy.

As for Englebretsen—Mallory would make it very pointed when he requested Englebretsen to apologize and buy all the beers for one year for ever calling Mallory's study of anatomy a waste of time. ■■

LIBERTY

"Sylvia is *such* a hard loser!"

WHERE WILL PRICES STOP?

Continued from Page 25

which it promptly used in issuing the new Regulation W covering automobile, refrigerator, and other time purchases. It also gave the board additional powers to limit bank lending.

Congress executed a neat bipartisan retreat on public works. Appropriations voted this year will mean paying out more than a billion dollars by next June 30. Perhaps this is a small item in the vast total of government expenditures, but much of it could have been postponed.

Another election-year surrender was made on farm price supports. What, asks the city man, is the excuse for a farm subsidy that does nothing but keep the grocery bill too high? Price supports were a necessary wartime measure, because the farmer hadn't forgotten 1920, when farm prices fell 50 per cent from their post-World War I peaks. To induce him to grow the food needed this time, the government had to convince him that 1920 wouldn't happen again.

The new peacetime law extends support for half a dozen basic commodities—wheat, corn, rice, cotton, peanuts, and tobacco—until June 30, 1950, at 90 per cent of parity. Parity figures are calculated from the prices the farmer has to pay, and were originally designed to protect him against a disproportionate drop in the prices he receives. Potatoes get 90 per cent support throughout this year, and hogs, eggs, chickens, milk and milk products through 1949. The Secretary of Agriculture can peg many other commodities at lower parity figures.

When the city housewife goes to the store for potatoes, she pays a double charge. She not only pays the government-supported price, but she pays taxes to hold that price up.

Keeping potato bargains from the housewife is mere comic relief in the inflation drama. The basic causes of inflation are financial; they lie in the way World War II, like all major wars, was financed—more by borrowing than by taxation. Borrowing from the banks creates new money. "Check money" and cash in people's pockets increased during the war, while supplies of goods decreased.

People have been pushing prices up by spending more than they have. Individuals now owe about $14 billions in "consumer credit"—charge accounts, installment payments on automobiles and other goods, FHA modernization loans, small loans due finance companies, banks, and pawnbrokers. This far exceeds the prewar top reached in 1941, and is nearly double that of 1929. Business has been borrowing too. Loans of all banks, at about $44.5 billions, are greater than they were in 1929 and twice what they were in 1939.

Our national debt of $250 billions amounts to about $7,000 for each American family. The Civil War figure was $406, and for World War I it was $1,147. If the American family's debts are the highest on record, so is its income.

■ To beat inflation, the country will have to raise production or reduce spending, or both. As production expands so slowly, we can't rely on that alone. Our oversupply of money could be taken up by higher taxes, which would permit retirement of government debt, or by additional saving. We could be wheedled into saving, or forced into it. The Treasury tries to wheedle us into buying more E bonds by publicity and advertising. One way we could be bribed into it would be through the granting of tax deductions as a reward. We could have been forced into it by being required to take the tax reduction in the form of government bonds, as was proposed.

Without leaning on Washington, what can the country do for itself? For one thing, state and municipal authorities can postpone deferable public works. Business can postpone building that will not mean immediate increases in production. Industrial construction is already dropping off. Business can also, if it will, hold down its borrowings and the prices of things it sells. Labor can, if it will, be moderate in its wage demands. The banks can tighten their voluntary controls of credit.

At the family level, probably that new house can be put off for a year or two. The old car will satisfy in speed if not in appearance. And most of us can save some of our income.

It is foolish to expect that all of these things will be done. Many of them run directly counter to human nature. Yet the self-denial would pay off in insurance against the kind of depression that the Russians have been wishing us. ■■

Continued from Page 22

I'll see them in jail, if it's the last thing I do!"

"Who?" I asked.

"Oh, no," he said slyly. "First I've got to make sure." And he picked up the sleeping child and went out.

I said, "Well, Miss Bowman, you picked some fine pals, didn't you?"

Instead of trying to hit me, Lila beamed. "Cliff!" she cried happily. "I'm so glad!"

"So am I. Why don't we do this oftener?"

"Cliff, you're *innocent!* Now I know it. You don't know any more about all this than I do! Isn't it wonderful!"

"Let's give it three cheers. Why *shouldn't* I be innocent? But look. Where do you fit in? Let's get our heads together."

"Let's get our backs together and untie each other," she said. "I'll explain the best I can." I began working at the knots on her wrists. "It started when I met Mr. and Mrs. Skousen."

"Skousen? Who are they?"

"They said they'd been trying to locate me since their son, Rex, died overseas. They said the same thing Silvers just said—that I was engaged to marry their son. And, Cliff—I don't remember any Rex Skousen."

■ I started saying something and decided not to.

"Oh, I know what you're thinking," she said. "Silvers accused me of being —of knowing so many men I couldn't remember them."

"No; I was thinking you were one of a half dozen girls among thousands of men coming and going. Every man would know you, but you couldn't know them all. Some men would even fall in love with you, and you might not even know them."

"That happened to all of us," she admitted. "I remember a G.I. named Paul Reed came into the Washington Club and expected me to elope with him. That was just before Christmas in '44. He almost got violent when I turned him down. And, Cliff—he was just a face among thousands to me. We gave the smile and the big hello to everybody. It was part of our job."

"That's why you acted a bit odd when you saw Paul Reed's picture," I said. Something nagged at me and then was gone.

"You can imagine how I felt," Lila said, "when Rex Skousen's parents wanted me to have the insurance. I didn't remember Rex. I turned the offer down as tactfully as I could. That was yesterday. And this morning the Cadillac was delivered."

"The yellow coupé?"

"Yes. A young fellow came into the Galena Dress Shoppe, where I work, and told me my car was outside. He was a reedy fellow, very blond. I remembered him enough from overseas—enough to say, 'Hello, Comet.' I told him I hadn't ordered any car, and— Cliff, keep after those knots."

"O.K." I'd temporarily forgotten the knots. Comet Kearns, reedy and very blond, was one of the men in that picture. He'd been the crew chief of Haley's Comet.

"I told Comet to take the car back, that I didn't want it. A few minutes later Mr. Skousen phoned. He told me about you and Rex."

"Me and Rex?"

"Yes." Her wrists came free and she began working on my knots. "How you and Rex went into the sheep business while still overseas. You gave a note for your share, Rex put up the money, and Mr Skousen ran the sheep. He said the sheep had made a profit, but that you wouldn't take any of it since getting back."

"I wasn't in the sheep business," I said, "and this is the first time I ever

The Japanese Priest Said: "DOMINUS VOBISCUM"

It was early Sunday morning in Tokyo. A cosmopolitan congregation had assembled in the Catholic church for the first Mass of the day. Along with the Japanese present, there were English, French and Portuguese sailors, the family of a Belgian diplomat, Filipino business men and a sprinkling of U. S. Military Police.

The Japanese priest was compelled to start the service without an assistant to answer the prayers. He had hardly begun the Mass, when a burly GI rose from his seat, walked to the altar and took the place of the absent server.

"At first," he said afterwards, "I felt a little strange serving a Jap priest in a Jap church. But after he turned around and said in Latin: 'Dominus vobiscum!' ... I felt just the way I did when I served Father O'Malley in our church back home."

"Dominus vobiscum!"..."The Lord be with you!"

How familiar and homelike those Latin words sounded ... to the English, the French, the Portuguese, Belgians and Filipinos ... for they had heard them Sunday after Sunday in their own church at home.

Despite their language differences, each could follow the prayers of the Mass ... and the actions of the priest. For each had a double-column prayer book—one column in Latin, one in his native language.

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heard of a guy named Rex Skousen."

"Now," Lila said, "you know how *I* felt. Anyhow, Mr. Skousen asked me if I'd help in a little ruse so you'd think you had won the money gambling. He said a friend in the sheriff's office had loaned him a crooked roulette wheel. My job was to steer you to the place and then get you out of town so nobody would steal the money."

"A beautiful build-up," I admitted. "And that's why you were sitting on your suitcase in the middle of nowhere."

"That's right. Mr. Skousen and I were waiting this afternoon. He watched oncoming cars with field glasses. When your car came over the pass, he drove away and left me sitting there."

The cords on my wrists loosened and we untied our ankles. Lila's story had explained nothing except that she was involved as mysteriously and inexplicably as I was.

"Then things began going wrong," she said. "Silvers was supposed to have a reservation for me, and didn't have. At the Pioneer Club you began winning entirely too much, and nobody paid any attention while you broke the bank. Something was wrong. Too, I'd seen that picture at Silvers' motel—"

"Let's go," I broke in, grabbing a bag at random from the luggage. "We're wanted, you know."

"Cliff, I'm going to call the police. If anything happens to that child now, it's my fault. I had her. I'm going to tell the police everything."

"Scootie is safe just as long as Silvers isn't in danger. Put the police on him, and no telling what might happen. Let's go."

"You're right," she admitted. "I—don't have any experience in this sort of thing." As we went downstairs I noticed that her selection of equipment for a campaign against both crime and the law was a hatbox. She headed for the yellow coupé in the driveway.

"No," I said, "we can't use that car."

"I just want to get the picture. I took it from the motel when—" She'd opened the car door, and she made a sound. I looked inside, and maybe I made a sound, too.

■ Silvers was crumpled in the seat. As I straightened him, his head rolled loosely on a broken neck.

"Get in," I said.

"Is he—? Cliff, I can't."

"Lila, take hold of yourself. Face things. We're in something. It's all been planned ahead. Kidnaping, and now murder."

She began getting in, gingerly. Then she said, "Oh!" and took Scootie from behind the seat. She lifted the flap of the blanket and regarded the child's sleeping face. "Cliff, she's all right. We've got her again. That's the important thing. She's safe."

As Lila shifted the child in her arms, something dropped from the pink blanket to the driveway. It was a packet of bills. Then the rest of the money came in a shower. Some of the packets broke with the fall, and the money fluttered across the driveway like leaves. I chased after them.

"Cliff, let it go. We don't want that money."

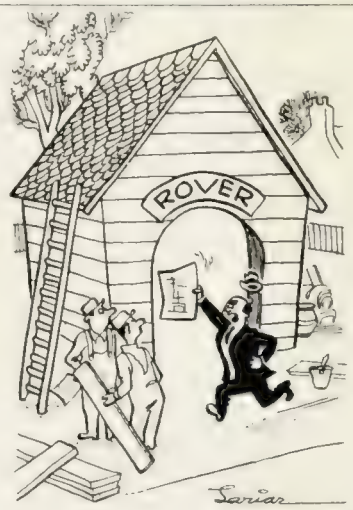
"We don't want to leave calling cards."

She put Scootie in the car and began helping me, stuffing the money in the hatbox. "Cliff, why did they leave the money? And Scootie? Why else would they kill Silvers?"

"None of it adds up," I had to admit. "By the way, how did you get through that road block with the baby?"

"Just luck. There was a fellow there I knew overseas. We called him Laughing Boy. He chatted a minute and waved me on."

The money collected, we got in the car and I drove away. "Now where? We need a place to relax and do some thinking. Things are happening too fast to digest." Then I said, "Oh, nuts!"



LIBERTY

"You've been following the wrong blueprints!"

"What's wrong?"

"My flight bag is in Silvers' car, wherever he parked it. And my name is stenciled on the bag."

I drove around the block, looking for Silvers' car. Going past the apartment house again, I saw a police car in the driveway. I turned left at the corner, and found Silvers' car parked on the right-hand side.

I pulled alongside, got the keys from Silvers' pocket, unlocked his car, put his body behind the wheel, got my flight bag, and locked his car with the keys inside.

Then I saw a man watching me. He had come into view from the rear of the car. He was Comet Kearns, the former crew chief of Haley's Comet —the man who had delivered the car to Lila.

"Hello, Clifford," he said. "Remember me?"

"Sure. How's everything, Comet?"

He nodded at the figure behind the wheel. "Knocked him cold, huh? I expected him to bring *you* here."

"And what else did you expect?" I asked, and swung at him.

He parried the blow and socked me in the face. I swung again. He slipped inside the blow, tying me up. "Cut it out," he growled. "You're in a jam, Clifford. I know what's going on. I can explain the whole thing. Park that Cad and come with me. It's your only chance."

That sounded good. Except I knew he'd delivered that car to Lila.

"O.K.," I said, and tripped him, "but I'm not buying any."

We fell against Silvers' car, and then one of those silly accidents happened. The body inside must have been in balance, and as we jolted the car the dead man slumped onto the horn. The blast shook the night in a steady two-toned howl.

Comet had gone down hard, and I hadn't eased the fall for him. He was half stunned. I leaped into the coupé and got away from there. I drove around awhile, in a mental fog. Nothing made sense.

"Cliff," Lila said, "I know where. Mr. Newman is away on vacation and I've got the keys to his house. I call every day to take in the milk and paper and water the lawn."

"Newman? Who is he?"

"My boss at the dress shop. And he's got a little girl about Scootie's size. Scootie has to have clothes—"

She directed me to a section of better-class homes. I parked the car, snapped off the lights a block from the Newman place, and Lila went ahead. Then I rolled up quietly in the darkness. The garage door swung up as I turned into the driveway, went down behind me, and it was black as the inside of a nut. Temporarily at least we had found a refuge.

■ In the house, some light came through the Venetian blinds. I put Scootie in a crib in a bedroom, said good night to Lila, and went into the bedroom across the hall. I was taking off my shoes when there was a rap at the door. "Cliff, can I come in?"

"Sure; but why don't you go to bed?"

Lila came in with a box of matches in her hand. "What happened to the picture?"

"What picture?"

"The one of Haley's Comet and the crew. I swiped it from Silvers' place when I went back for your flight bag. Now it's gone."

"We'll talk about it in the morning. There's nothing like sleeping on a problem."

"But you don't know the problem. I didn't finish telling you. You remember those five men playing poker in the Pioneer Club?"

"Sure."

"Well, they were the men in that picture."

"What? Why didn't you tell me this before?"

"Too much has been happening. Anyhow, when you were breaking the bank and I got to feeling that something was wrong, I recognized Comet Kearns as one of the poker players. He had a false red beard, but blond hair showed under his hat. I'd seen Comet just this morning, when he delivered the Cadillac. I recognized him, and then in a flash I knew I'd seen the other four in that picture."

"Who were they?"

"One was Paul Reed. You remember, the G.I. I told you about who expected me to elope with him. Another was Hiram Silvers."

"Paul Reed and Hiram Silvers are dead," I said.

"That's what I thought. At least, I was sure about Hiram. We'd talked to his father a little while before. It sort of gave me the creeps. That's why I pulled Hiram's beard—and it was real."

"Who were the other two guys?"

"I don't know their names, but they are in that picture."

I didn't want her to brood over dead men. I asked, "How did you end up in that big yellow car?"

"When you gave me the money and the key to your car, I went back to the Pioneer Club to see Skousen and find out what was wrong. But the place was locked. Then I went to the hotel where he'd said he would stay for the night. The Cadillac was parked in front, but he wasn't there and wasn't registered. And then I got a hunch about the money, all in ten-dollar bills. I began checking the list of serial numbers in the newspaper, and I realized you'd won part of the ransom money. I was scared. I knew you'd be picked up, playing roulette with that money. There would be an alert for your car. We'd been tricked. So I just took the Cadillac.

"I drove to the Last Chance to warn you, and saw a cop leading you out. I got my bag from the motel just before the police car arrived with you. I waited, and followed the car when it went to the Pioneer Club. I parked a couple of blocks away and walked back. When I reached the corner near the Pioneer Club three men were coming out. They walked down the street past me, while I hid behind a lilac bush. One of them was Comet Kearns. The other two were men in that picture—the two I don't know. They weren't wearing whiskers then.

"I crept to the Pioneer Club and found the cops fastened to the rail. You were stirring, regaining consciousness. We couldn't get past the road block together, but I figured I could smile my way past alone, and you could make it in the police car. So I left the note and waited for you on the highway."

"Why did you run away with Scootie?"

"What was I to think, when I found you had her?"

"Let's sleep on it," I said. "Don't wake me until noon."

■ Next morning at breakfast the prospect of the day ahead looked pretty grim. At least, there was fresh milk for Scootie. Newman hadn't stopped the milk or paper during his vacation; he was afraid burglars might have a connection to find out such things.

Lila went into the garage to get something from the car, gave a little cry and rushed back. "Look! I found it!" She had the picture of Haley's Comet and its crew. "You must have gathered it up when you took Scootie last night, and it fell to the floor. Now I can tell you for sure who those men were in the Pioneer Club last night."

We sat together at the table, the picture before us. Lila identified five of the men as the bewhiskered poker

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NAILED HIM, EH? WHAT THE...!
I FIGURED HE'D HEAD FOR THE CLEARING. SO, I TOOK A SHORT-CUT AND...
GOT HERE JUST IN TIME TO SAVE MY LIFE!
WHEN WE BORROWED JEB'S CAR, WE SHOULDA TAKEN HIS TRAILER, TOO
WHY THAT'S JEB SCOTT'S CAR! THEN YOU MUST BE HIS HOUSE GUEST!
THAT'S ME, ALL RIGHT!
WELL, JUNE, IT SOUNDS LIKE YOU TWO COULDN'T WAIT TO MEET FORMALLY. I WAS GOING TO BRING BILL OVER THIS EVENING
UNCLE JEB, YOU'RE A PEACH
SHE'S LOVELY
LATER
BLADES. YOU BET! TRY THIS THIN GILLETTE
WHERE HAS THIS BLADE BEEN ALL MY LIFE! THAT'S THE SLICKEST SHAVE I'VE HAD IN YEARS!
THIN GILLETTES ARE MIGHTY POPULAR DOWN HERE. THEY'RE PLENTY KEEN
HE'S A FINE YOUNG MAN. EXCELLENT APPEARANCE AND VERY INTELLIGENT
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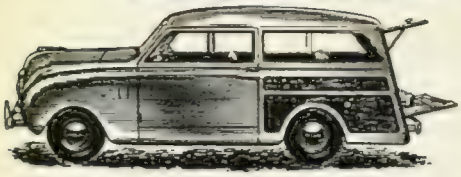

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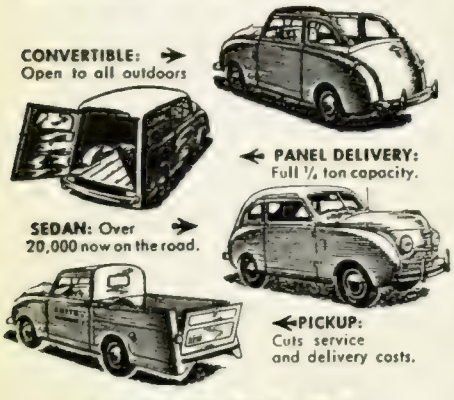
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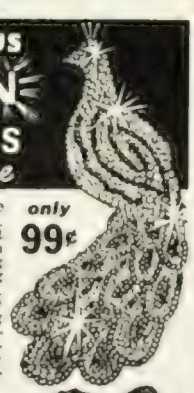

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players. They were Comet Kearns, Paul Reed, Hiram Silvers, Al Farley, and Candy Sweet.

"Lila, except for Comet Kearns, those men are dead. Those four men flew on the last mission of Haley's Comet. The plane collided over the Channel—one formation ran into another in a weather front. None of the crew came out alive. I made sure of that. My brother was on that bomber."

"Cliff, will you tell me what happened on that last mission?"

"I'll make it short. The bombers went out and came back because of a sudden weather front that made flying impossible. Colonel Roberts was bucking for that star, so we said. Anyhow, he ordered the mission out again, weather or no. There was plenty of griping as the big birds were gassed up again. But it was the only time in my experience anybody tried to bribe me."

"Bribe you? Why?"

"I was the guy who decided when a plane was fit to fly in my squadron. And these jokers came into my office and suggested that if their plane was grounded, they'd have time to play a little poker with me—and I'd be sure to win a hundred pounds."

"Who were they?"

"Those same five guys you claim were playing poker last night."

"Well, that's more than a coincidence!" she declared.

"But it's impossible."

"We certainly know that Comet is alive."

"He was crew chief. He didn't fly."

"Then why was he trying to bribe you?"

I sighed. "Those five guys were pals. Went around together. Being crew chief, Comet could make it look right if I agreed to ground the plane. Paul Reed used to get a thousand dollars a month from home. The other four were the sort who'd bootlick him. The boys said Paul Reed was a millionaire, though I wouldn't know."

"He was," Lila said. "I've heard a little about him since coming here. His grandfather was old Yancy Reed, a famous bandit. He started the family fortune and had some secret hideout in the mountains. Paul's father was a profiteer in the first World War. He died a few years back. You didn't take the bribe, did you?"

"If I had, my kid brother would be alive today."

"Isn't it significant that those same five men who tried to bribe you are the ones in the Pioneer Club last night?"

"Lila, you're mistaken. Four of them are dead. The plane collided—"

"Maybe they weren't on it. Maybe they ducked out and went A.W.O.L. Maybe they just never went on that mission. Those men are alive. I saw them."

■ The discussion was cut short by Scootie, who, finished with breakfast, demanded action. Have you ever tried to keep a healthy youngster quiet and in the house when it's a fine day outside?

I was learning about children fast. To tell Scootie she couldn't go out was to make her clamor for the fresh air and sunshine. And she could wear the fun off a book or toy in four minutes flat.

I heard the paper hit the front door, and went alongside the blind of a front window. The paper was folded. Part of the headline said: TWO KILLED BY KIDN—, and the rest was folded under. After some study I decided one picture on the front page was of Silvers. Another cut, below, was of his car, with somebody pointing to a spot beside it. A third cut was half folded under.

"What in heaven's name are you peeping at?" Lila asked.

"The paper on the porch. The headline indicates that two men have been killed by the kidnapers. Which is us."

"Of course they'll blame Silvers on us. But—" She turned quickly. "Cliff, who's the other one?"

"That's what I'd like to know. Can we sneak that paper in without the neighbors noticing it?"

"The neighbors," Lila said, "never miss anything." She crossed to the radio and turned it on.

"There's news at noon, on the only station I know how to find," she said, and snapped off the radio. "We'll find out then."

But, important as it was, we didn't get the news at noon.

Scootie got wound up tighter and tighter. I changed some ideas about how easy a woman's life is.

I don't remember just what the immediate crisis was at noon—they were coming too thick and fast—but the news slipped by. After lunch Lila took Scootie into a bedroom for a nap. That was another thing I'd never believed in, naps. Now I saw the reason. It kept parents from having heart attacks.

"I'll be out as soon as she's asleep," Lila said. "There will be more news at one o'clock."

I turned the radio on softly and sat in an overstuffed chair to wait. The peace was wonderful. The next thing I knew, Lila was shaking me. "Cliff! Wake up! Scootie's gone!"

"Huh? What?"

"She's gone! Scootie's gone!"

■ I tried to be calm. "Take it easy. She can't be far."

"But we can't be seen leaving the house to look for her. And we can't sit here and let her get run over by a car or something. She's only a baby. It's my fault. I was telling her a story to put her to sleep, and I dropped off myself. Now she's gone. She— Oh!"

I followed her eyes. The front door was open a crack. We went to the blind and through the louvers saw Scootie playing in the street with three other kids. A woman in a blue apron was standing on the porch of the house across the street, looking across to the Newmans' open door.

"Mrs. Clagg!" she called, and a woman walking along the sidewalk with a grocery bag turned into the path. The two women talked together, looking at that open door. A third woman, with a vacuum-cleaner bag in her hands, spoke up from across the hedge. The three women talked together, glancing at the door.

The only thing to do was to make a run for it. With small future in it. That big yellow coupé backing out

of the garage, picking up Scootie . . . Yes, officer, a fellow and a girl. Yes, a big yellow car. . . .

"Honeybun!"

It was a shriek such as I never knew could come from Lila's pretty throat. She was charging out the front door looking like something out of Dickens. A rag was around her head, with straggly hair protruding from it. Where she'd got the dress I wouldn't know. It was shapeless and dirty, tied tightly in a bulging middle by a black apron. Her stockings sagged, and something had put thirty lumpy pounds on her figure. There was a mop in her hand.

"Honeybun!" she shrilled. "How many times have I told you not to play in the street? Cars might run over you! Just for that, you can stay in the house every minute until I finish the cleaning. And it's no use bawling!" She caught Scootie up and headed along the path. "Right inside for you! With all I've got to do, cleaning up before the Newmans get back, and you playing in the street!" She paused at the porch to turn on the lawn sprinklers and pick up the paper, then came in with Scootie.

"Whew!" She took the rag off her head and shook out her hair, untied the apron to let a pillow fall from under the shapeless dress, stripped off the dress, straightened her stockings, wiped a smudge from her nose, and was herself again.

"I hope it works." She watched through the blind. The women across the street were dispersing. "Now I've got to be seen leaving this afternoon, with Scootie. It's for the best. I'm going to turn her over to the police."

"Good idea. How?"

"I'll leave her somewhere. Bus station or a drugstore. And phone the police where to find her."

■ I opened the paper. The cut of Silvers was a picture taken when he was ten years or so younger. The picture that had been half folded under was of Comet Kearns. Over these cuts the head said, "Victims of Double Slaying."

"You should have told me," Lila said. "Poor Comet. Was it when he fell against the car?"

"He wasn't dead. He wasn't even hurt. He was starting to get up when I drove away. I didn't kill him."

According to the story, H. R. Emmett, local delicatessen dealer, had seen two men scuffling beside a parked car. A large yellow coupé was alongside. The men fell against the car, its horn began blowing, and one of the men leaped into the coupé and sped away. Mr. Emmett thought he saw a girl also in the coupé. When he reached the scene he found the man beside the car, Haley Kearns, a veteran, dead of a broken neck. When police arrived and forced the lock of the car, they found its occupant, W. A. Silvers, Lovelock auto-court proprietor, also dead of a broken neck. Police believe the yellow coupé to be the same car . . .

"It's too coincidental," I said, "for Comet to have broken his neck in that fall, when Silvers was killed the same way."

"But the horn was blowing. There wasn't time for anyone to kill Comet."

"No; nobody except H. R. Emmett, local delicatessen dealer."

I went over the story carefully. There wasn't much more, except that Emmett had identified, by our pictures, Lila and myself as the occupants of the yellow coupé.

"I don't get it," I said. "This Emmett. Hell, he's a customer of mine. I sell him canned milk. Just getting along. A little store. They stay open late to pick up a dollar when other places are closed. It doesn't fit. And yet—" I remembered the crazy idea I'd had the night before, when I went into the place to phone. Put Emmett and his wife in costume with false whiskers . . .

"Wait!" Lila grabbed the paper. She studied the cut of Emmett beside Silvers' car, pointing to the spot where Comet was found. "That's it," she said. "That's the man."

"Who?"

"That man," she said, "is Mr. Skousen."

"Skousen? Emmett is Skousen?"

"This is the man who said his name was Skousen. He tried to give me the Cadillac. He ran the roulette wheel last night."

"But I happen to know Emmett. He hasn't got the kind of dough to give anybody a Cadillac."

"I'm positive, Cliff. He's the man. His wife was wearing a mustache and a brown wig last night. She's a striking woman, with prematurely white hair."

"That's Mrs. Emmett," I admitted. "But it doesn't add up. Both Silvers and Comet were in the deal with Emmett—and he apparently killed them both. Why?"

"Cliff, we ought to have some help. We're not trained for this sort of thing."

She chased after Scootie. I wondered if we were in the middle of two gangs, one killing off the other. That didn't seem like a good idea; but none of my ideas seemed any good.

Lila returned wearing a battered black hat and a pillow under a rusty black coat. "Mrs. Newman's washday attire. I'm going to turn Scootie over to the police."

I said, "Be careful."

"I'll phone you. And I'll be back tonight." Lila paused at the door. "Well."

I crossed to her. "I wish I could do this."

"If anything does happen, Cliff—it's been a pleasure to know you." And then she kissed me quickly and was gone.

Helplessly I watched from the blind. There was not a thing I could do while Lila walked along the public street with a kidnaped child. I went into the kitchen and brewed a pot of coffee, brought it into the living room.

Why didn't Lila phone? It couldn't take this long.

■ At this point I realized the radio still on at a murmur, was giving the news:

I had kidnaped the child Sunday night, and left with it Monday morning on my route. Following my route had made it easy to avoid suspicion. I had been in the vicinity where the money was dropped from the plane. My motive, aside from money, was to settle an old score with the father, the former Colonel Roberts, whom I held responsible for the death of my brother overseas. My accomplice, Lila Bowman, evidently had known me overseas. Silvers had also been an accomplice. We had openly stayed at his auto court as man and wife. Silvers had used his position as a known and trusted person in the vicinity to run me through the police road blockade. Having revealed his connection, he was potentially dangerous and had been killed. Kearns, the other victim of the mad-dog kidnapers, had been identified by employees of the Galena Dress Shoppe as the man who had delivered a new Cadillac to Lila . . .

I snapped off the radio and paced

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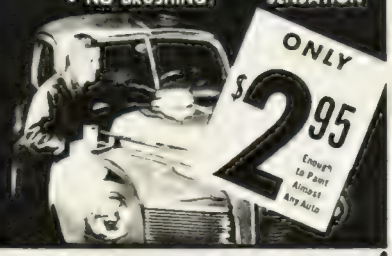

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up and down the room. *Why hadn't she phoned?*

I was tied to the house. I peered through the blind. The slats might as well have been iron bars. Across the street a man was working on the engine of a jaloppy. He straightened, peering at a spark plug and casting a glance toward the Newman house.

And I knew in that instant that Lila had not been mistaken in her identification of the "dead" men in that picture. The man holding the spark plug was Al Farley, the former co-pilot of Haley's Comet. He could not be alive, but there he was. And if Farley was alive, the others could be.

The phone rang. I put my handkerchief over the mouthpiece. "Hello."

"Hello," Lila's voice said. "Is this—Who's speaking?"

"Lila!" I removed the handkerchief. "Are you O.K.?"

"Cliff, I found out the Newmans are coming back tonight. You've got to get away before they return. My cousin will get you out of the house. I'm at his place now. He'll call for you in a few minutes."

"He can't. They're watching the house."

"He can do it. I'll explain later. He'll get you out of the house in a rug. Watch for his panel truck—Rapid Rug Renovators."

She hung up.

■ Where had she got her information? Who was this cousin who was so reliable, yet who hadn't come to mind last night when we were racking our brains for a place to stay?

Lila was, I knew, in trouble. She'd hung up too quickly. Or someone else had hung up the phone for her.

I went through the house to the kitchen and surveyed the back yard through the blind. There was a high board fence between the Newman lot and the place through the block. Once over it—

Then I heard the whistling. Through the blind I saw a man with a hoe in his hand move into view from the rear l of the house. He began chopping at weeds idly as he whistled.

I knew this man, too.

He was Candy Sweet, the former navigator of Haley's Comet.

I was guarded front and back.

To be continued in the next issue.

FATHERS BY PROXY

Continued from Page 17

people and as it becomes more generally realized that great happiness can result from the wife of a sterile marriage actually having a baby of her own, there will be a greater demand upon physicians. . . ."

While man has no such powerful urge toward the production of offspring as woman has, there are still deep-seated emotions concerned with fatherhood. There also are the more worldly considerations such as the desire of many men to pass on the family name or family business.

■ What of the legal aspects of this fatherhood by proxy? There is no codified law on the subject. The profound secrecy of the whole enterprise would make any law difficult to administer. Yet the Supreme Court of New York recently handed down a decision which gives, by inference at least, legal sanction to the practice of artificial insemination. A woman filed suit for divorce from her husband, and claimed full custody of the child on the grounds that it was the result of artificial insemination, and that therefore the husband had no parental rights whatever. The court decided against her. It ruled that when the husband consented to the use of artificial insemination, he had assumed all the obligations, the privileges, and the prerogatives of fatherhood.

Recently an Oklahoma court rendered a reverse decision.

In the experience of medical men who have participated in artificial insemination cases over the last 30 years, one emotional fact stands out above all others: The generosity and kindness demonstrated by the husband's willingness to be a father by proxy overcomes any feeling of bitterness or resentment on the part of the wife. Further than that, it deepens her affection for her husband and imposes upon her new obligations of loyalty.

This sacrifice, it may be added, is not always due to the sterility of the husband. There are numerous instances in which the husband had discovered that he is the victim of hereditary blemishes and is unwilling to pass them on to another generation.

What of the moral aspects?

Not one of the Protestant denominations has issued a declaration upon the subject. Individual leaders, while hesitating to be quoted directly, seem to take the view that the matter lies with the individual.

The Roman Catholic Church says: "Artificial insemination is unlawful. This is not a matter of sectarian doctrine. Artificial insemination, like birth control and euthanasia, is contrary to natural and moral laws and therefore cannot be condoned."

Needless to say, Liberty takes no position. But artificial insemination is a fact in our country. And, since people cannot make up their minds about anything upon a basis of gossip and a murky assortment of half-truths, it seemed more proper to state the facts than to hint at them. ■■

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Continued from Page 27

colors. "That's our terrain, Colonel," he said. "The U. S. We've got to go through all these bases with a fine-tooth comb and study them, on the basis of climate, location, logistics, and decide which ones we're going to make stick. That'll be your job. You'll be making recommendations. You're going to be subjected to a lot of pressure of one kind or another. They are going to squeal like pigs when you want to deactivate a base. Get yourself acclimated the next couple of days and then I'll buck an assignment down to you. Good luck," Hardesty said. He turned on his heel and walked to the door.

■ It was three o'clock in the afternoon when Brent's telephone rang for the first time. He heard his secretary say, as though she had been saying it for years, "Colonel Brent's office, yes, just a moment, Mrs. Brent," and he picked up the receiver.

"Hello, darling," he said. "This is luck. You're my first caller. I'd begun to think I was the forgotten man, from the forgotten front."

"Am I? I do feel proud. I have news for you. I got a room in a little hotel in downtown Washington."

"Good," he said.

Although Nancy had come to Washington several days before his arrival yesterday, she had found no place for them to live. They had spent last night in the living room-kitchenette-bath apartment of fellow Californians, Colonel William Temple and his wife, Louise. A sheet had been hung up between the Temples in the Murphy bed and the Brents on the studio couch.

"It's an awful place, darling. The Manor House. The room is like a closet, but they say we can stay as long as we want to. It's right downtown. When will you be home?"

"About five-thirty."

■ On Saturday night there was a party in Hank O'Malley's apartment to initiate Brent into the gang. Nancy was already in.

The gang's last party had been a farewell to one of their number, Philip MacGregor, Major, A. C., ordered overseas. Caroline, his beautiful wife, arrived at Brent's party alone. She had not met Brent until now, though she and Nancy were already friends. Watching Nancy and Brent together, Caroline caught them looking at each other with a look of patience, as though they were saying to each other, it won't be too long before we can go, before we can be alone again.

"Sit down here, Hank," Caroline said suddenly, as O'Malley came by.

"Sure thing." He complied. "How are you doing?"

They had been talking for several minutes when Sally Lawrence appeared. Hank looked up with an expression of relief.

"You two seem to be in a huddle," Sally said. Her eyes were a little dangerous.

"I'm trying to persuade your lover to seduce me," Caroline explained.

The remark was made in one of those sudden party silences.

"You're kidding," Sally said, swaying slightly.

"Certainly I'm not kidding," Caroline protested mildly. "Why should *you* have exclusive rights to this nice man?"

Hank stood up. His face was the color of a beet. "Let's everybody have a drink," he said in agony. "Sally, sit down. Over there, in the corner. Caroline, stay where you are. Everybody have a drink."

"I'm not in the least drunk," Caroline said, smiling. "I'm just being modern. There's a war on. There's no reason why I can't live as other women live, is there?"

Then she knew she had better stop talking or she would start to cry. So she smiled, quietly, as though enjoying a private joke, and she watched Sally Lawrence stalk off into the kitchen and after a minute kiss Hank, in full view of everyone, with a possessive kind of kiss.

"Caroline must be terribly in love with her husband," John said to Nancy on the way home, "to want to hurt herself that much. You ought to get to know that girl. Maybe you can help straighten her out a little. What happened to her marriage?"

"I don't know. I've been alone with her several times. I've had the feeling she has wanted to talk to me, to tell me what the terrible thing was that came between Philip and her. I've thought once or twice she was about to tell me, but she didn't."

■ The next afternoon Brent whistled happily as he walked toward the restaurant where he was to meet Nancy and Caroline. He found them seated at a table and walked over.

"You must be very happy that your husband was over and did what he had to do and came back safely," Caroline said to Nancy when they had ordered.

"Philip will be back, too," Brent assured her. "He'll be back with a grass skirt for you to wear on hot days in Washington." He patted Nancy on the cheek. "Lady, I'm doing my job, too. I'm off tomorrow. I'll just be gone for a couple of weeks."

"Not out of the country, Brent?"

"No. If you consider the deep South part of the Union."

"Why don't you stay with me while he's gone?" Caroline asked.

"I think I'd like that."

"Where will you live when the war is over?" asked Caroline.

"Brent wants to live where it's cold," Nancy said. "He has a theory that cold weather turns people toward each other—makes them need each other in an ancient way. Even more so if they are husband and wife."

After dinner Caroline invited them to her apartment.

"I feel good," she said as they entered it. "That was a fine dinner. Thank you." She looked slowly into their faces. "I like you both very much," she said. "And I should like to tell you about something that happened a long time ago to Philip and

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me." She looked at Nancy and then at Brent. "I never wanted to speak of it before, to anyone, to anyone at all. Yet I scarcely know you."

"You're quite sure now?" Brent asked quietly.

"Yes," Caroline said. "Philip and I had a little girl once. Her name was Anne. Anne MacGregor. She was a lovely little girl."

As Brent and Nancy listened they moved toward each other unconsciously.

"Philip and I were very much in love. Just as you two are in love. We lived in a little town in Virginia. One Saturday afternoon Philip was playing golf at the club. Anne and I were to drive over and join him. She was three. It was a lovely day, a spring day. We started a little late and I was hurrying along. Anne opened a package of chewing gum and then she must have opened the door of the car to throw the paper away, because the door was suddenly wide open and I felt a bump.

"I jammed on the brakes. I backed up. She was lying on the road. There was blood over her. It seemed she fell out and rolled under the rear wheels. She was like a little bundle on the road. I picked her up and I remember how the blood got all over me. I rushed to the hospital and I managed to telephone Philip."

Her voice seemed to quicken. "I remember him coming through the door. He was still in his slacks and an old sleeveless shirt. I needed Philip quite badly at that moment. I got up and ran to him. I didn't think I could stand alone. I held on to him and said something about Anne having fallen out of the car, and then Philip pushed me away and asked, 'What have you done to my child?' That was all he said. Just then the doctor came out of the operating room and told us our baby was dead and, once again, Philip asked, 'What have you done to my child?' That's all there is. And now it doesn't seem to be so very important any more."

■ Brent said slowly, "Let me tell you something that happened in Italy. I don't believe I ever told this to Nancy. You remember the bombing of Cassino and the time we had trying to take the place afterward. I was up there and there was a young kid next to me. He was crawling along about ten feet from me when a shell exploded and blew off his left arm.

"He didn't seem to feel the pain right away. He crawled to where the arm was lying and picked it up. He was trying to get a wedding ring off a finger. He kept tugging but the ring wouldn't come off. Then I crept over and took the ring from the finger and he held out his right arm and I put it on a finger of that hand.

"He said, 'Why do you suppose they did that to my arm?' And then he passed out cold and a couple of medics took him away. I kicked some rubble over the arm and I found those medic kids later and told them to tell him his arm was buried all right."

When he finished, Caroline's face was radiant. "I'm beholden to you, Brent," she whispered.

"I think we better beat it," he said. "Got to get rolling tomorrow."

Caroline rose. "Good night, Nancy," she said. "Come here as soon as Brent leaves tomorrow. Good night, Brent. I am beholden to you."

■ Brent spent three weeks at Welsh Field and then was flown back to Bolling Field. He telephoned his office from there and, finding nothing imminent, instructed his secretary to inform General Hardesty that he had returned and would report in the morning. Then he telephoned Nancy, to whom he had sent a wire the evening before.

"We have been invited to Willy's and Louise's for dinner tonight," she told him. "They said it would save us the bother of eating out."

"Well, that's thoughtful," Brent agreed. "I'll be home in half an hour."

When they entered the Temple apartment Brent felt something in the air. There were several rounds of drinks and then dinner, which was very good, and then, soon after dinner, the telephone rang and Hank O'Malley asked them all to come over to his place.

"You girls go ahead," Willy said immediately. "I'm going to do the dishes."

"Willy, don't be silly," Nancy protested. "You and Brent go over. Louise and I will take care of things here."

"Willy likes to do dishes," Louise said automatically.

Then Brent understood that he was to say something. "Go ahead, ladies," he said. "Willy and I will do the K.P."

When the women were gone, Willy said, "Friend of mine brought back some genuine Napoleon cognac from France the other day." He poured some into large snifter glasses. "How was your inspection, Johnnie?"

"Just another inspection."

"What kind of a place is Welsh Field?"

"Just an air base. This brandy is wonderful, Willy."

"Thanks," Willy said. "Say, by the way, a friend of mine may be leaving Washington for a couple of months, maybe longer. I put in for the apartment for Nancy and you."

"That was kind of you, Willy." Brent sipped his drink.

"That territory around Welsh Field was in pretty bad shape, financially, before the base was established," Willy said. "The base breathed new life into the place. People trying to make a living there were able to get on their feet again. It's been a godsend."

Brent smelled the brandy fumes. "How do you know so much about it, Willy?"

"Oh, I happen to know a Congressman from down there. Had lunch with him the other day."

Brent finished the brandy. "I guess he wants to know whether the Air Corps is going to establish Welsh Field as a permanent base, doesn't he?" he asked quietly.

Willy grinned like a little boy caught at a cookie jar. "He was wondering."

"His name wouldn't be Andrew Brush, would it?"

"Yes," Willy conceded eagerly. "Representative Brush. How did you know?"

"It just so happens that Representative Andrew Brush owns about half of all the property in the town nearest Welsh Field."

"Oh, he owns some real estate down there," Willy said depreciatively. "You know those Congressmen. They keep their fingers in a lot of things. What are you going to recommend, Johnnie boy?"

Brent lit a cigarette. "I haven't made my report yet. What I say has to get Hardesty's approval."

"Hardesty will go along with you. He always does," Willy answered swiftly.

"Welsh Field is a rat-hole," Brent said, keeping his eyes on Willy. "I am going to recommend that it not only be vetoed as a permanent air base, but that it should be deactivated immediately. That's what you want to know, isn't it, Willy?"

"That's going to be kind of tough on me, Johnnie."

"Why on you?"

"Well, Brush is on a Congressional committee that's handling some very important appropriations right now. He has a lot to say about whether we get some special funds we've asked for. My boss has given me the assignment of keeping Congressman Brush in a co-operative frame of mind." Willy replenished Brent's glass. "Johnnie boy," he said, "up here where we are, you and I, we have policy to consider."

"Are you asking me to make a favorable report on Welsh Field, Willy?"

"Hell, Johnnie," Willy said peevishly, "I'm not doing this for myself. I'm trying to do a job for the Air Corps, same as you are. If I can manage to sweeten Brush so he gives us what we need, I'm doing my job, too."

Brent stood up. "I'm sorry, Willy. I know just how it is. It's too bad we have to collide. What about those dishes?"

"The girl is coming tomorrow," Willy said in an exhausted voice.

"Well, let's go over to Hank's then," Brent said.

■ When Brent and Nancy got back to the Manor House, Nancy said, "We'll have a real apartment for a few weeks. I forgot to tell you. Caroline is going home to visit her family. She told me we could use her place."

"Good."

"What was the pitch tonight? Willy's fancy scheme for getting you alone?"

"Welsh Field."

"What's Willy got to do with Welsh Field?"

He explained briefly.

"And Willy didn't make any time?"

"No. I feel like an old pillow." He shook his head. "I'm not a stuffed shirt. I'm not a damned boy scout. But I was wrong in Italy and I'm sure as hell wrong as far as Willy is concerned right now." He rubbed

his face wearily. "I'm getting a little tired, Nancy."

She went over to him. He stroked her hair, saying, "You are a lovely thing."

She snuggled against him. "Oh, darling, I'm so full of love for you. And now you're going to get yourself in a jam again and you'll be sent to some other place." She looked up, her eyes wide with sudden fear.

"Would you like me to play ball with the home team?"

"No, Brent," she said slowly. "You write your report the way you have to. I wouldn't like you very much if you didn't." Then she said, "We're too old for a war. I think a war must be for very young people."

■ "Sit down, Brent," General Hardesty said. "Just finished this." He touched the report on his desk. "Do you want another chance at it before I send it along?"

"If you don't object, sir, I want the report to go as written."

Hardesty scribbled his initials to his endorsement of the paper and tossed it into his basket. "That will be all, Colonel," he said.

Brent rose. "Thank you, sir," he said, and left.

Hardesty walked over to his wall-map and looked at Welsh Field. Then he walked to a map of Europe and looked at the battle lines in both northern and southern France. This report, he thought, might do it. It would have to be handled skillfully and Brent would have to be kicked out first, but then, maybe, he could manage to get himself kicked out, and there might still be time for a little of it before it was ended. This would be the last war in General Hardesty's lifetime, and he had to see a little of it. He rubbed his chin and stared at the map of France.

Later Brent was called back to General Hardesty's office. He found General Lewis, head of Willy's section, stomping up and down the room. Brent saluted and stood at attention. Hardesty, seated, holding a cigarette between his slim fingers, looked frail alongside the other officer. "General Lewis, Colonel Brent."

"How do you do, sir," Brent said.

Lewis looked up at him from a lowered head. "Are you the author of this outrageous report?" he bellowed.

"He means the report on Welsh Field, Colonel," Hardesty said softly. "General Lewis takes the stand that you have been a little, shall we say, severe, in your description of our facilities. What do you have to say?"

Brent moved back a little. "I was sent to Welsh Field to study conditions there and then report on them," he said. "The report contains my opinions. If higher authorities consider those opinions in error, I am extremely sorry." He ought to have that little speech letter-perfect by now, he thought.

"Sorry, pah!" Lewis snorted. "Then you will retract?"

"No, sir," Brent said.

Lewis bounded back. His face began to get red. "Listen here, Colonel. I'm not going to have a monkey

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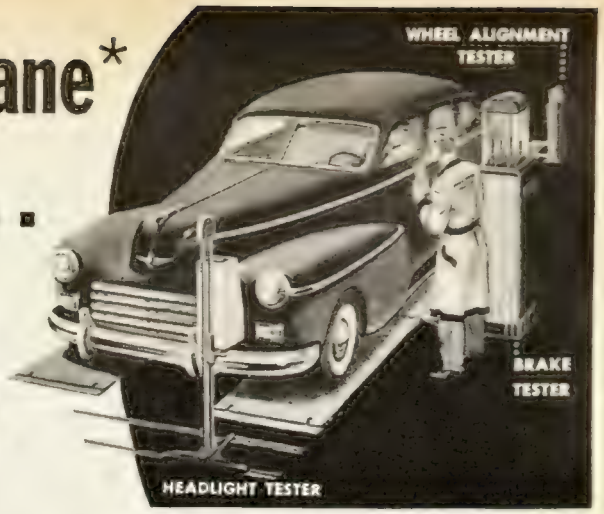

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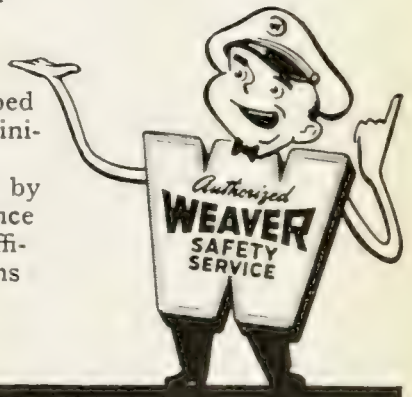

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wrench thrown into a delicate piece of business. If that field is deactivated it means that an appropriation I have been trying to get for months will be denied. I demand, Colonel, that you take back this report and change it, recommending that Welsh Field be continued indefinitely."

"Just a moment," Hardesty said mildly. "Please, General, you have no authority to make demands on an officer in my section."

Lewis exploded. "Hardesty, you're regular Army, same as me. Are you going to let a damned civilian bust this thing wide open?"

"For the time being this civilian owns the rank of lieutenant colonel," Hardesty said.

Lewis began to pound the desk with his fist. Then he stood up. When he spoke his voice was quiet. "All right, I don't demand a damned thing. I ask it. Colonel, will you change that report?"

"Do you want me to change the report, sir?" Brent then asked Hardesty.

"It's your baby, Colonel," Hardesty said. His eyes drifted across the room until they lighted on the map of France.

"Sir," Brent said to Lewis, "I am afraid I cannot comply with your request."

"Everett," Lewis said, "I want you to delay that report. I got to figure out something."

Hardesty, his eyes on the map, his mind on the interesting fact he had learned recently, that a fighter command in a combat air force in Europe was open, slowly brought himself back.

He nodded. "All right, Morgan. Will a week do?"

"A week will do me fine. Thank you, Everett. There isn't a chance you'll do something about this?"

Hardesty was silent. Then Lewis got up heavily. He studied Brent for a long moment and then he walked out of the room.

■ Hardesty put his feet on the desk. "You see what I mean, Colonel," he said. "A military man would have understood General Lewis' problem instantly. He would have come to an arrangement with him."

"Perhaps a military man would be more satisfactory in my job," Brent said.

"I did not say I was dissatisfied with you, Colonel," Hardesty said. "I respect convictions." He turned the pages of the report, which he looked upon, now, as a possible passport. "Military men do not know many things, but they do know their jobs, the jobs they have been trained for. They *understand* their job, I should say. It is a *type* of understanding that is beyond the ken of civilians because it is the sum of the accumulations of many years. Democratic nations should not indulge in the luxuries of war or else they should modify themselves for the duration. We shall be very fortunate if we manage to defeat a pair of nations which do not have these democratic handicaps." He raised his eyes to Brent and smiled thinly.

■ When Brent came home on this night Nancy asked, "What's the trouble? Welsh Field again?"

"Big blow-off today. Willy's boss wanted me to apologize and say Welsh Field was a pilot's paradise."

"What are you going to do, Brent?"

"I'm standing pat. It's silly, but there it is."

She said, her face in his shoulder, "My darling, I love you, I really love you." Then she pushed him away and started for the kitchen. "I'll feed you. I'll fill you with Mexican meatballs."

When Brent came home to dinner the next night Nancy searched his face and said, "I know that look. When do we move?"

He paused in the removing of his cap, his face in temporary immobility, and then he said, "You can get started as soon as your reservations are confirmed. I have to report to the Far East Air Force. They're in Hollandia at the moment, but they might be somewhere in the Philippines by the time I get there. My orders will be cut in a day or two. I'll be flying."

"Can you get reservations for me?"

"I think so. I think you can get out tomorrow. I'll probably beat you into San Francisco."

"And how much time will we have there?"

"That I don't know."

She shrugged her shoulders. "Well, I'll never get tired of you this way. That's for sure. Do you think we'll ever have an old age, Brent?"

"Everybody's got to have an old age," he assured her. "That's part of the bargain."

"Not if they get shot up in New Guinea or the Philippines."

"I'll duck every time, lady."

"I'll say it fast now and I don't want you to laugh at me. I won't say it again, not even in San Francisco. Don't get yourself killed, Brent. And if you do, wait for me. I'll be along very shortly."

He lowered his eyes.

"I don't believe I'd want very much to stay alive without you," she said.

"I know."

The telephone rang. "I put in a call to Caroline," Nancy said. "Perhaps that's it." She picked up the receiver. "Hello. Hello, Caroline." She spoke for a while, then turned to Brent. "She wants to talk to you."

Caroline said to him, "Hello, Brent. Where you're going, you may run into Philip. Tell him that I love him dearly and have always loved him and that nothing has happened while he has been away for him to worry about and that nothing will happen. Will you tell him that?"

"Yes, Caroline."

"Make him know, Brent. I've written it to him a dozen times but it will be better if he hears it. Make him *know*."

"I shall."

"Thank you, Brent. After the war let's all of us, Philip and I, Nancy and you, let's all of us go up to Alaska to live."

"Alaska?" He was puzzled.

"It's very cold, isn't it, in Alaska?"

"Yes," he said slowly. "It can be very cold in Alaska."

He remembered, then. ■■

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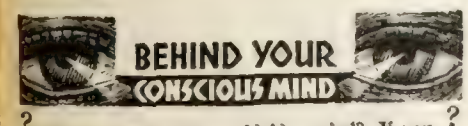

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BOOK BARON

Continued from Page 21

lessons only too well. Wrote a longtime booster: "You haven't had an order from me in six months because I've been in jail for running a still in Tennessee. When I got sentenced, the jury crowded around and the judge said, 'That's the finest bit of coppersmithing I've ever seen.' And I owe it all to the Little Blue Books."

Along with the flood of checks and dollar bills come mountains of correspondence. Haldeman-Julius likes to keep in close contact with his readers. Some want advice on personal problems. Some are in trouble. "Send them books in a hurry, I want to improve my mind," wrote a man from a St. Louis jail, explaining that he was sentenced to go to the gallows in 30 days. Haldeman-Julius reprinted the letter in the American Freeman, a 20,000-circulation monthly on free thought which he still gets out as a side line. A St. Louis newspaper picked up the story and campaigned for a reprieve, which the governor actually granted. Later, the book-hungry convict was found not guilty and freed. He wrote a letter to Haldeman-Julius. "That order saved my life," he said.

■ The Little Blue Books were born one freezing winter day on a Philadelphia park bench. Haldeman-Julius was reading The Rubáiyát by Omar Khayyam, and Wilde's The Ballad of Reading Gaol. He had bought them for a dime each. Why, he asked himself, can't I get a lot of little books like that?

A decade later he had his chance. After a career on Socialist papers in Milwaukee, Chicago, and New York, he went to Girard in 1915 to help edit The Appeal to Reason, then a highly influential campaign organ for Eugene Debs and other Socialist causes. Three years later, at the age of 29, he had married Marcet Haldeman, the local banker's daughter and a niece of Jane Addams, prefixed her surname to his own, and bought out the tottering Appeal and its 175,000 subscribers for $75,000. His wife gave $25,000. The first books he printed, which are to this day No. 1 and No. 2 on his list, were The Rubáiyát and The Ballad of Reading Gaol.

With two books and $25,000 he set about raising the remaining $50,000. He sent a circular to Appeal readers and offered them a list of 50 new titles to be delivered at the rate of five every month. He received orders for 5,000. He repeated the process. At the end of the second year he owned his plant free and clear and was in the book business with 195 titles.

Force of circumstance made him a mail-order genius. Some 18 years ago an ad was lost at the last minute. He substituted a full newspaper page to ask: "Would you pay $2.98 for a high school education?" Before the accidental campaign closed, 300,000 Americans had acquired his books on basic high-school subjects.

The little books—10,000,000 of them clutter up warehouses at any time—are 3½ by 5 inches in size, average 64

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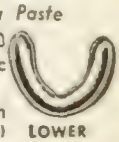

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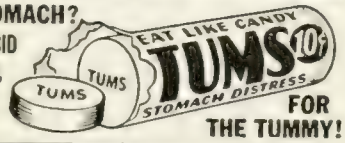

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pages, or 15,000 words, for which the publisher pays his lesser authors $100. Perhaps 95 per cent of his titles are custom-written on assignment and copyrighted. Most of the ideas are his own. To everything he applies his one and only editorial criterion: "If I like it, I assume everybody likes it." He has been wrong, of course, but his presses turning out 40,000 books every eight hours and the canned crepes Suzette in his icebox reveal a favorable application of the law of averages.

Little Blue Books come in all colors but one: blue. The unconventional Kansan gave up his one-time trademark some years ago. "I got awfully tired of blue," he sighs. Now his main energies are devoted to increasing a list of 682 larger books, 5½ by 8½ inches in size and selling between 25 cents and a dollar. Young blonde Mrs. Haldeman-Julius, who was his secretary until her marriage to the publisher after the death of his first wife in 1941, would like him to retire. But he has plans for more presses and another warehouse and consoles her: "Just another thousand titles—just another thousand." To his many own published works he is now adding an autobiography. There is one already on the list, but the new volume, the author says, will be "definitive."

The facts of his own life have never been a well-kept secret. Many years ago his first wife published What the Editor's Wife Should Know—Intimate Notes on E. H.-J. The volume didn't sell until the title was changed to Marcet Haldeman-Julius' Intimate Notes on Her Husband, and advertised, of all things, under the classification Famous Women.

■ Somehow the unpredictable book baron gets along with everybody, including high-priced, high-tempered authors. Will Durant's History of Philosophy, which sold 500,000 copies as a five-dollar book, first came out under his imprint in 13 Little Blue Books ("I pasted them up myself"). Sherwood Anderson, Theodore Dreiser, and a string of other luminaries have written for him. "I'm supposed to be the Simon Legree of the book business," he admits happily, "but the big fellows never make trouble about money." He recalls what famed lawyer Clarence Darrow, another of his writers, once reported about a transaction: "The question of money never came up. I never got paid at all." An aid for nervous authors is in the making. On his own 160-acre wheat retreat Haldeman-Julius is completing a plushy cottage where he plans to let writers labor like trained seals. "Every now and then we'll throw them a fish," he grins.

His complete lack of inhibition gives him an edge over his high-powered New York contemporaries. Not long ago, Upton Sinclair gave him his latest play to publish. Entitled A Giant's Strength, it was a drama about the atom bomb. The celebrated writer's New York publishers refused to bring it out. Haldeman-Julius liked it and got the publishing rights in return for 500 printed copies. He is advertising it now as a

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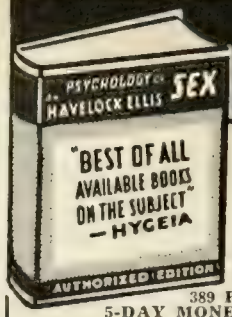

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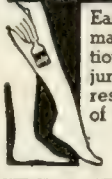

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"dramatic story" and it is moving well. Plays, he confides, sell badly when labeled as such.

More than two dozen experts have tried to imitate him. None has succeeded. Timidity is the disease from which his fellow publishers suffer most, Haldeman-Julius observes. He insists there isn't a thing you can't talk about in a book. He deplores that with many publishers a volume must first be acceptable to the orthodox. Not with him. He prints what he likes. "I do it," he says, "because I don't give a damn." ■■

KING OF THE SINGING COWBOYS

Continued from Page 28

lucrative business, and his mother, Emma Worthington Yates, found it difficult to feed and clothe her brood.

"I went into business selling papers," Yates recalls.

"When I was fifteen I got a job as office boy for the American Tobacco Company and that was my real start. Incidentally, I was going to school nights and studying hard, trying to learn all I could," he says.

He heard of a chance to earn $15 a week plus $1.50 a day for meals, tacking up signs for Virgin Leaf Chewing Tobacco, and applied to the head man of the firm, D. H. McAlpin, for the job.

Association with McAlpin led eventually to a more important job with the colorful James Buchanan (Buck) Duke when that enterprising North Carolinian absorbed the McAlpin interests.

Later, Yates went with Liggett & Myers as assistant general sales manager and took a major part in the long-range campaign that placed Chesterfield cigarettes among the top-selling brands. One of his stunts was to "plant" fashionably gowned women in the better hotels and restaurants smoking Chesterfields, a stratagem that paid off handsomely.

In the meantime Yates married Petra Antonsen and began raising a family. He has three sons and a daughter. He has an estate at Babylon, Long Island, and has made it into a show place. Here he still maintains the family home, commuting between the coasts.

Yates drives a tough business deal and subjects himself to rigorous physical discipline, with the result that today, at 68, he is in top physical condition. His unbounded energy never fails to amaze William Saal, once an independent producer and now executive assistant to and trouble shooter for Pop Yates. "Why, I've seen that man skate for four hours on a Long Island pond while I couldn't move fast enough to keep warm!" Saal says.

Hollywood can boast that it has many magnates who are better known to the public than Pop Yates, but few, if any, who can lay claim to as much wealth. And in the bossman of Republic Pictures the film colony will be hard put to find a more typical hero for that most typical of all American success stories—the poor boy who made good. ■■

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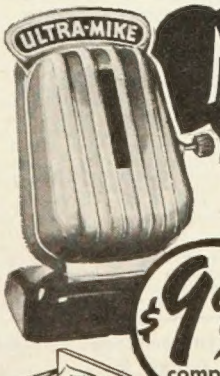

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